L. 41 NO. 4 Special Short Story Issue APRIL 1954

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Leone O. Jacobs, Mary J. Wilson, Louise W. Madsen, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Helen W. Anderson, Gladys S. Boyer, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winniefred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 41 APRIL 1954 NO. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Resurrection of Jesus ..... Marion G. Romney 212
Join the Crusade Against Cancer ..... Sandra Munsell 228
Nevada's Valley of Fire ..... Willard Luce 236
Double Beauty ..... Lena Woodbury 237
Participation in Relief Society Can Help Achieve True Happiness ..... Edith Kaneko 259
"Within Our Reach" ..... Donna Day 262

FICTION — SPECIAL APRIL SHORT STORIES

The Best Years of Her Life ..... Pansye H. Powell 216
What it Takes ..... Kay Islaub 223
Second Best ..... Blanche Sutherland 229
The Part-Time Heart ..... Hannah Smith 248

SERIAL

The Deeper Melody — Chapter 7 ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 266

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 238
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 239
Editorial: Arbor Day ..... Velma N. Simonsen 240
Nellie W. Neal Resigns from the General Board 241
Notes to the Field: "A Centenary of Relief Society" Out of Print 242
Book of Mormon Reading Project 242
Prelude Music ..... Florence Jepperson Madsen 243
Books for Organists and Pianists 244
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Margaret C. Pickering 268
From Near and Far 280

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Summer Fireplace ..... Elizabeth Williamson 245
Let Your Table Tell a Story ..... Helen S. Williams 246
Gardening for the Home Freezer ..... C. W. McCullough 253
New Designs for Easter Eggs 256
Handwork Hobbies Bring Happiness (Rose Paskett Cooke Thompson) 258
TV Viewers — Down in Front ..... Eloise Strinz 265

POETRY

"Even the Moonlight," — Frontispiece, by Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 211; "Stanzas on Light," by Maryhale Woolsey, 215; "Forever Mine," by Della Adams Leitner, 222; "The First Spring Crocus," by Thelma W. Groneman, 235; "It Happens Every Spring," by Verda Mackay, 247; "Directions for Gardening," by Maude Rubin, 257; "First Bloom," by Sudie Stuart Hager, 257; "Desert Flowers," by Vesta N. Lukei, 257; "Tulips in the Wind," by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 261; "It Must Be Spring," by Hilda V. Cameron, 261; "Sunshine and Rain," by Ruth K. Kent, 261; "After Long Years," by Beatrice Knowlton Ekman, 264; "Apprehension," by Alice Whitson Norton, 265; "Dogwood Time," by Mary Gustafson, 279; "Silent Return," by Blanch Kendall McKey, 279.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

nylons
1.29

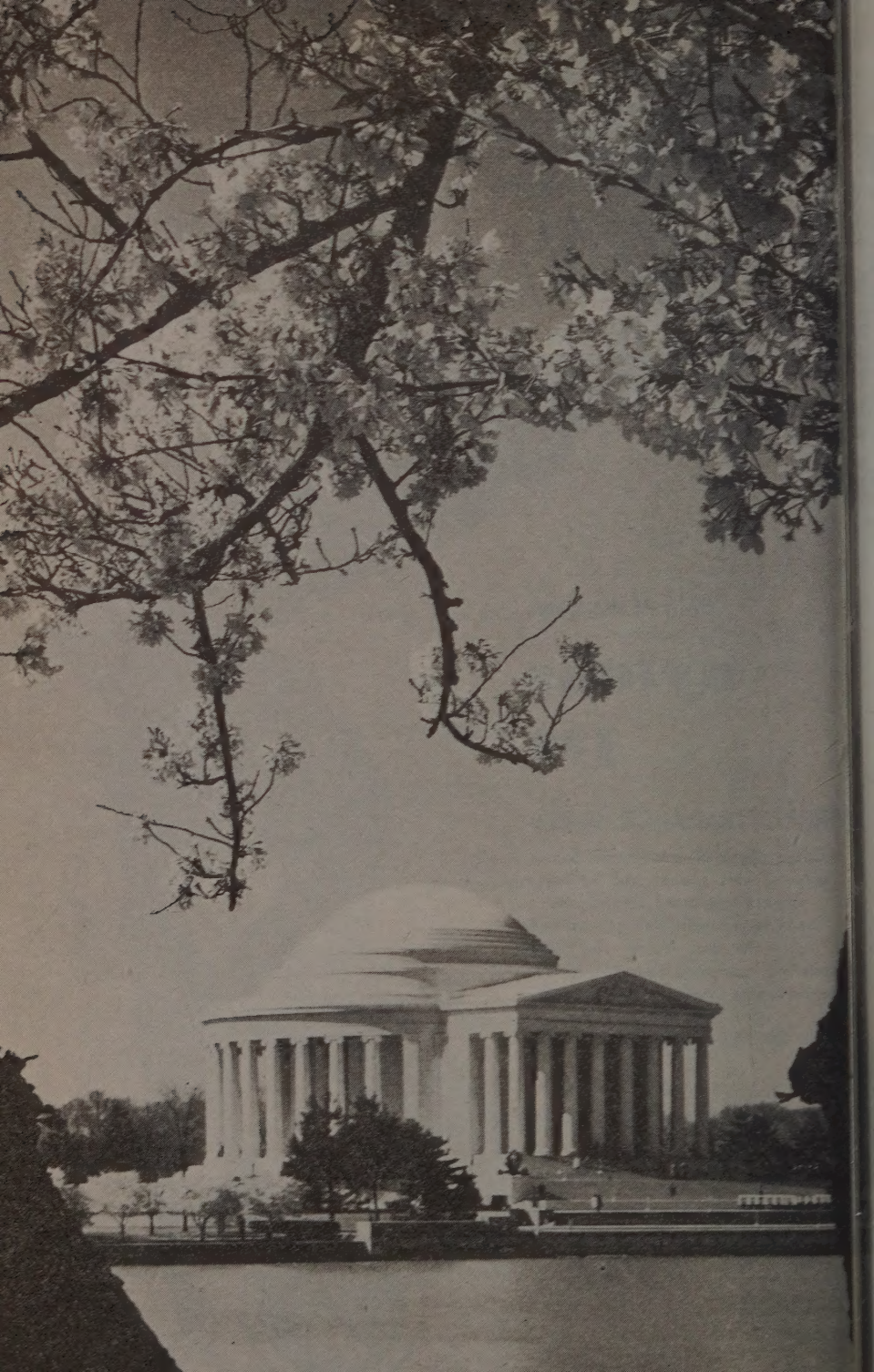
RFECT BALANCE 60-15's

Ultra sheer 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons, knit closer and stronger to give you more stretch, more wear, more snag resistance and the dull finish you love! imming, accented seams. 8½-11. pportioned: Short, Average, Tall.

CMI HOSIERY—Downstairs Store

Mail Orders To:
MARGOT MANNERS, ZCMI
Salt Lake City 10, Utah

Include 3¢ postage for first pair of hosiery and 1¢ for each additional pair. Utah residents add 2% State tax.



Even the Moonlight

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Even the moonlight treading cherry bloom
Leaves prints invisible upon the white;
And sunshine's nimble fingers on the loom
Of summer lend their urge to petal flight.
But sun of these: wild roses pink with spring,
Marsh marigolds, or cool delphiniums,
Will burn their beauty on the heart and bring
A prescience born of joy, when winter comes.
The goldenrod's long brushes painting sun
On autumn's scene outline the form of grief—
For every petal lost a seed begun,
An April bud for every fallen leaf.
However deep the darkness where we wait
Our eyes will open on a light as great.

The Cover: Night-Blooming Cereus, Photograph by Josef Muench

Frontispiece: Jefferson Memorial, Washington, D. C.
Photograph by Ewing Galloway

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

The Resurrection of Jesus

Elder Marion G. Romney

Of the Council of the Twelve

THIS response to an invitation, graciously extended by the able Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, is made in humility and with sincere appreciation. It affords opportunity to bear witness to the resurrection of Jesus to a very select group—the women of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and other readers of this great *Magazine*—and to set forth, in part at least, the basis upon which that witness stands.

When we speak of Jesus being resurrected, we mean that his pre-existent spirit, which animated his mortal body—from his birth in the manger until he died on the cross—re-entered that body; and they two, his spirit body and his physical body, inseparably welded together, arose from the tomb an immortal soul.

Our belief is, and we so testify, that Jesus not only conquered death for himself and brought forth his own glorious resurrected body, but that in so doing he also brought about a universal resurrection. This was the end and purpose of the mission to which he was set apart and ordained in the great council in heaven when he was chosen to be our Savior and Redeemer.

Concerning his earthly ministry, his role as Redeemer required of him four things:

First, that his pre-mortal spirit be clothed with a mortal body, the accomplishment of which was heaven announced when to the lowly shepherds the angel said, "Fear not . . . . For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:10-11).

Second, that he suffer the pains of all men, which he did, principally, in Gethsemane, the scene of his great agony. He himself described that suffering as being of such intensity that it caused "myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit—and would that I might not drink the bitter cup, and shrink—Nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men" (D. & C. 19:18-19).

Third, that he give his life. His death on the cross, after having been rejected and betrayed and after having suffered appalling indignities, seems not to be in dispute, even among non-believers. That he gave his life voluntarily, with the express purpose of taking it up again in the resurrection, is not so universally accepted. Such, however, is the fact. He was, it is true, maliciously slain by wicked men, but all the while he held the power to stay them. "I lay down my life," he said, "that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again" (John 10:17-18). This power was inherently his by virtue of his being born of the Vir-

gin Mary (a mortal), the Son of God (an immortal celestialized Being).

Having thus taken upon himself mortality, having suffered for the sins of all men in Gethsemane, and having given his life on the cross, there remained for him but to break the bonds of death—the fourth and last requirement—to complete his earthly mission as Redeemer. That the whole of his mortal life moved toward this consummation he had repeatedly taught. It was foreshadowed in his statement about laying down his life and taking it up again. To the sorrowing Martha he had said, "I am the resurrection, and the life" (John 11:25); and to the Jews, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up" (John 2:19).

RESURRECTION was so foreign to human experience that even his believing followers had difficulty comprehending it. The doctrine, however, had been heard even by the crucifiers. Being disturbed by it, they came to Pilate "Saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again." So with Pilate's consent they set a watch "lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead" (Mt. 27:63-64). Thus it came about that these hireling guards unwittingly became witnesses to the opening of the tomb by the angel (Mt. 28:2-4), the final preliminary to the appearing of the "risen Lord."

The evidence that Jesus was resurrected is conclusive. Five times on the Sunday following his crucifixion on Friday afternoon, he revealed himself.

First to behold him was Mary Magdalene. Early in the morning Peter and John, having verified the fact that the body of Jesus was not in the tomb, went away. But Mary lingered in the garden weeping. Turning back from the empty tomb, she "saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith . . . Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary." Recognizing his voice, "She turned herself" as if to touch him, saying, "Rabboni; which is to say, Master" (John 20:14-16). Tenderly restraining her, he continued, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God" (John 20:17).

Later, about sunrise, "Mary the mother of James, and Salome," and other women went to the tomb with spices to prepare the body for final burial. They found the tomb open and the body gone. To their consternation, they were met by two men in shining garments, who said, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen" (Luke 24:5-6). As they went to tell his disciples, Jesus himself met them, "saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him" (Mt. 28:9).

Later the same day, as Cleopas and another journeyed to Emmaus, Jesus, unrecognized, drew near and went with them. Inquiring into

the nature of their conversation, they repeated to him the reports of the women. At their seeming doubt he said, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." Then opened he their understanding of the scriptures concerning him. Tarrying at Emmaus, "he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." (See Luke 24:13-31.)

In the evening as the disciples heard the reports that Jesus had appeared to Simon and to Cleopas, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them." To quiet their fears and give assurance that he was not a spirit, he showed them his hands, his feet, and his side, saying, "It is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have . . . . And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And he took it, and did eat before them." (See Luke 24:36-43; John 20:19-23.)

THUS, on this eventful day, did his former associates behold his glorious resurrected body. Not only did they see him, but they heard his voice and felt the wounds in his hands, feet, and side. In their presence he handled food and ate of it. They knew of a surety that he had taken up the body which they themselves had placed in the tomb. Their sorrow was turned to joy by the knowledge that he lived, an immortal soul.

For forty days he ministered among his disciples in the Holy Land. He appeared unto his disciples again at Jerusalem, when Thomas was present, and on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias, where he directed them in casting for fish, invited them to dine, gave them food to eat which he himself had prepared on a fire of coals, and instructed them in the ministry. On a mountain in Galilee he commissioned the eleven to teach the gospel to all nations. And finally, after he had blessed them at Bethany, they saw him "carried up into heaven." (See Luke 24:50-53.)

His mission being ended in Palestine, he paid a visit to the Nephites in America, that they, too, might know of his resurrection. His Father introduced him to them as "my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." When they saw him descend from heaven, they described him as "a Man . . . clothed in a white robe." He announced himself as "Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world." They saw him, they heard him, and at his invitation they all "went forth, and thrust their hands into his side, and did feel the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet," and knew of a surety and did testify that he was the resurrected Redeemer. (See 3 Nephi 11:7-15.)

As he revealed himself, after his resurrection, to his followers in the Holy Land and to the Nephites in America, so he has revealed himself in our day. Indeed, this dispensation opened with a glorious vision in which the Prophet Joseph was visited by the Father and the Son. He heard their voices, for they both spoke to him. He was given

a personal introduction to the resurrected Jesus by the Father himself. He beheld their glorious bodies and afterwards thus described them: "The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also" (D. & C. 130:22).

Some twelve years later the Savior revealed himself to Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon being with him. They two bore testimony "That he lives! For," said they, "we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father" (D. & C. 76:22-23).

In the Kirtland Temple the Prophet saw him again, this time in company with Oliver Cowdery: "The veil was taken from our minds," they wrote, "and the eyes of our understanding were opened. We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber. His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying: I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father." (D. & C. 110:1-4).

From the foregoing accounts come our mental pictures of the resurrected Jesus. But the convictions we have, our testimonies that in the spirit world he was chosen and ordained to be our Redeemer; that he was born of Mary, the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh; that he suffered for our transgressions; that on the cross he voluntarily gave his life for us; that in the resurrection he broke the bonds of death for himself and for all men; that he arose an immortal soul, the first fruits of the resurrection, appearing first to Mary Magdalene and then to the others as recorded; that he visited the Nephites; and that he has revealed himself in this dispensation to Joseph Smith and others—do not come alone from these accounts. Our own convictions and testimonies come by the witness of the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, by whose power we know these accounts are true, and by whose power we become witnesses to the truth of the recorded events along with those who experienced them. To obtain and bear this witness is our mission.

Stanzas on Light

Maryhale Woolsey

I. Inseparable

How wrong to think of shadows
Existing where deep night is!
There cannot be a shadow
Except where light is.

II. "Also the Morning . . ."

Never was there a night, but it made way
For rosy dawning and the gold of day.
Light never fails returning; have no fear,
Death's darkness will be brief, with morning near.

The Best Years of Her Life

Pansye H. Powell

AUNT Tabitha's rocking chair had sat in the same spot in the Higgins living room for over seventy years; except, that is, for those brief intervals of housecleaning when it had gone to the front porch along with the horsehair sofa, the whatnots, and the heavy rag carpets. Aunt Tabitha's mother had brought the chair with her from Kentucky when she moved to Missouri as a bride in 1885.

It was not a particularly handsome chair, but it was comfortable and fitted to Aunt Tabitha's bony form. She regularly made new covers for the plump cushion that always lay on its seat and for the back-rest that eased the straightness of its back; at intervals she added a coat of paint to freshen the wood. At various times it had been painted red, blue, and green, as her fancy dictated. Its redeeming quality as a piece of furniture was that it was comfortable for her, and that it was unobtrusively a part of the general decor of the room. It was old—but so was Aunt Tabitha.

She was as old-fashioned in appearance as her chair. She wore her still brownish hair in a bun on the top of her head, severely plain; she dressed as she had for the past fifty years—in dark print house dresses at home, and in simple black away from home.

Everyone in Mooresville knew Aunt Tabitha. She had always lived there, except for a brief year when she had attended a young ladies' seminary in Grantsborough, twenty miles away. Her stay at the seminary had ended abruptly when her older sister Mandy married. There was no one else to stay with her mother and father but Tabitha. She had gone home willingly enough and had eased the last years of her aging parents without much thought of herself.

No suitors had vied for her hand. As the years went by, she had found much affection in Mandy's growing family, becoming friend and confidante to her nieces and nephews and later to Mandy's grandchildren. She had lived quietly, and most people thought happily following the unbroken tenor of Mooresville ways.

Then Aunt Tabitha fell one winter day and broke her hip.

Fortunately for her, she fell on her front steps and was seen by a neighbor passing by. When Dr. Starks arrived, he looked very serious and ordered Aunt Tabitha taken to the Gainsborough hospital at once. Two hours later, she was in a hospital bed, her little house left lonely and locked against a possible prowler.

Mandy and her family did all they could to make the hospital stay pleasant. At the end of two weeks, Dr. Starks held a private conference with Mandy, the gist of which was that Aunt Tabitha's hip would be a long time healing, and she must not live alone, now or ever again. Next time she fell, she might not be so lucky.

MANDY called a meeting of her family, unknown to Aunt Tabitha. Who could move out to Mooresville to live with Aunt Tabitha? Or should they talk to her and convince her she should come to live in the city with one of them?

All the time the family had sat around debating these questions, the youngest grandchild, Ted Browning, had sat without speaking. Everyone knew he was Aunt Tabitha's favorite of Mandy's grandchildren; he had spent weeks of his adolescent vacations out with Aunt Tabitha, and she had contributed liberally to his college training in business administration. Now, he was successfully established in a growing brokerage business and about to be married to a young schoolteacher.

With all this before him, no one expected that he would even think of setting up housekeeping in Mooresville, so everyone was much surprised when he said, "Maybe Ellen and I could go out there when we are married."

"Better speak to Ellen about that," his sister Irene protested. "I'll bet she'd have a different idea."

"How could you manage the trip to town every day?" Mandy questioned.

"It's no farther than people in New York and Chicago drive to work every day. And if the roads are impassable, there's that little train that makes the trip in every morning—and there are buses."

"But the house . . ." began his older sister Marion.

"Oh, Ellen and I could fix that up. I'll bet she'd get a kick out of all those antiquated belongings. Anyway, I'll ask her tonight and we'll see what then."

So the family conference broke up, with the other nieces and nephews secretly relieved that there might just be a way out of the dilemma that would require no sacrifice on their parts.

When Aunt Tabitha was approached on the idea of moving into town with Mandy, she registered a decided negative. "Absolutely not," she declared. "I'm not going to move out of the only home I have ever had. I belong in Mooresville and there's where I'm going to stay."

In spite of pain and discomfort, she was still the old Aunt Tabitha, with plenty of fire yet.

That night Ted went to see her during the evening visiting hours. Ellen went with him. Ted ushered her proudly into Aunt Tabitha's room, where the elderly woman lay patiently suffering the discomforts of her inactivity.

She smiled as they entered and put out her hand to Ted. "Well, Ted," she said, "it's good of you to come to see your old auntie again. And this time you've brought Ellen. How are you, my dear?"

"I'm just fine," Ellen spoke cheerily. "And you're looking ever so well."

"I'm doing all right, I guess; but it's a long time to be lying here and nobody in my house to keep the cobwebs down."

"That's just what we've come to see you about," Ted hastened to put in. "How would you like for me and Ellen to move into the house and help you with everything?"

Aunt Tabitha's face broke into smiles. "I'd rather have you and Ellen than anyone else I know," she said, "but are you sure you want to do that? It's not a very fine house, you know. It's warm in winter and cool in summer; but it's not very fancy for a young couple to go into."

"Oh, we've talked it all out," Ellen answered. "If you're willing, Ted will drive me down tonight and we'll look it over. We'll need your key to get in, of course. Would you mind if we did some redecorating?"

"I guess a bride would want things to be fresh and clean," Aunt Tabitha agreed. "You go ahead. The doctor says I'm to be here another four weeks, and then he will let me go home."

Two weeks later they had the wedding. Ellen and Ted came to see Aunt Tabitha before they left on their honeymoon trip, which they were shortening in order to have time to arrange the house before Aunt Tabitha returned to it.

"We'll have everything ready for you when you can go home," they promised. "Don't worry about anything."

Aunt Tabitha smiled after them, as they walked off together, Ted's arm possessively about Ellen's waist.

WHEN the day came that Aunt Tabitha was to be allowed to go home from the hospital, Ted arranged for an ambulance to take her to Mooresville. She was carefully moved and returned to her little home and into a hospital bed which nad been placed in her room. Too tired to do more than sleep, she did not look around her until she awakened the next morning to see the sun streaming into her bedroom windows as it had always done and to hear robins chirping on the lawn as they had done all her life.

She moved her head carefully, looking at all the familiar furnishings of her room. The wallpaper was different, but she liked the freshness of the tiny sprigs of sweetpeas and green leaves. The curtains were new crisscross tie-backs of spotless white organdy; but the furniture was the same — her high bureau with the little mirror atop; her marble-topped washstand; and her chintz-covered box that made a seat under the south window. On her little bedside table stood a tiny brass figure with a bouffant skirt which she discovered to be a bell. In looking at it, she accidentally rang the bell.

Immediately the door of her room opened gently and a cheerful voice said, "Good morning, Aunt Tabitha. How are you?" Ellen, crisp in starched pink gingham, her face smiling, came in.

"I'm just fine," Aunt Tabitha said, "and I like the way you have made my room so nice for me."

"We put your own bed away until you are able to leave the hospital bed. It will be ready to put up for you as soon as you are able to get around. Shall I bring your breakfast now? Here, you freshen up a bit while I get your breakfast."

Aunt Tabitha felt a glow of happiness and contentment. Surely this was to be the best time of her life. Young people with her in her own home. She ate a hearty breakfast. When Dr. Starks came the next day, he promised she

should be up and about in a chair within a week.

JUST as he promised, a week later, Aunt Tabitha had a coming-out party. Only Ted and Ellen and Dr. Starks were present, but the occasion was a merry one for all that. Dressed in a pretty blue robe over her gown, her hair carefully combed into a neat bun on top her head, she was moved carefully from the bed into a wheelchair, and Ted pushed her slowly from her bedroom into the narrow hall of the little house and down it to the living room.

Aunt Tabitha gasped with surprise when she saw what had happened to the living room. The room-size rag carpets had been taken up and the floor polished into a mirror. A large oval rug had been made from the carpet, and small throw rugs from the same source filled in at doorways to the hall and dining room. New wallpaper and paint had brought freshness. Instead of the lace curtains that had hung at the big bay window, long full drapes were pulled back to let in sunshine and air. Ellen had brought her spinet piano; the horsehair sofa had been cleaned and rubbed until the rosewood gleamed. The whatnots stood in the corners as before, but the room was different and more charming than it had ever been.

Ted pushed Aunt Tabitha on through the dining room, which was unchanged except for paper and paint, and into the kitchen, which gleamed with a new electric stove and refrigerator and linoleum.

Aunt Tabitha drew in her breath in astonishment. "Well," she exclaimed, "I'd no idea you were doing all this."

"I hope you don't mind," Ted anxiously commented. "We thought we might as well be using some of our things. We kept all yours and put them in the shed behind the house, so they'll be there if you ever want them."

Aunt Tabitha did not answer.

"She's growing tired," Dr. Starks said, "Musn't keep her up long this first time. Tomorrow maybe she can stay up a little longer."

They took her back into her own room, carefully transferring her from chair to bed and lowering the back of the bed so she could drop off to sleep if she wished.

The next day Aunt Tabitha seemed listless and had a poor appetite. She did not want to get up into her wheelchair. She lay apathetically, speaking only when spoken to and then only in monosyllables. Ellen was distraught. Finally she called Dr. Starks.

"I don't know what's the matter," she said. "Aunt Tabitha seemed to be getting along so well —and now today she hardly touched her breakfast and lunch, and she just lies there, staring at the ceiling and doesn't even want to talk."

"I think she had a little too much activity yesterday." Dr. Starks did not seem concerned. "Let her rest and don't bother her. Tomorrow she'll likely be herself again."

Ellen worried over Aunt Tabitha until Ted came home at six. She had spent the afternoon preparing a delicious chicken dinner, because she knew Aunt Tabitha was especially fond of dumplings. She had gathered fresh flowers from the

garden she was so carefully tending for Aunt Tabitha and had placed a big bouquet of daisies and sweet-peas on Aunt Tabitha's table. Even these had not elicited any response from her. She had glanced at them as Ellen brought them in and had then looked away.

ELLEN went out to meet Ted in the driveway. She was almost in tears. "Ted," she whispered, "I don't know what's the matter with Aunt Tabitha. She's so different today. Do you think she may be dying?"

Ted's alarmed expression showed the sincerity of his concern. "What's happened?" he demanded, as he hurried to the side door.

Ted stepped softly through the doorway into Aunt Tabitha's room. She looked up at him with an expressionless face. He tried to be cheerful and to act as though everything was as usual.

"Hello, Aunt Tabitha. How are you tonight?" he asked, in what he tried to make his usual tone.

She looked at him and spoke hollowly, "Ted, I am not so well."

"Do you hurt somewhere? Shall I get Dr. Starks?"

"No, he can't help me. I guess I'm just not meant to get well, Ted."

"But you were getting well, until we put you into that wheelchair yesterday. Did we hurt you? Did we hurt your hip?"

"No, Ted. I wasn't hurt. You didn't hurt my hip at all."

Ted knew Aunt Tabitha. Something was wrong, and she wouldn't be all right until what was wrong was made right. But what was wrong?

Aunt Tabitha motioned Ted to sit in the chair beside her bed. For a moment she did not speak, then she said, "Ted, when I am gone, I want you to have this house and everything in it."

"Thank you, Aunt Tabitha. But that's something to be thought about a long time from now."

She continued as though he had not spoken ". . . on one condition."

"What is that, Aunt Tabitha?"

"On the condition that you always keep everything that is in the house. I would not like to go, knowing my things were not appreciated." There were tears in her voice.

"I can assure you, Aunt Tabitha, Ellen and I will observe your wishes in this matter. We have done so, and we will continue to do so."

She looked at him sadly.

"Well," he demanded, "haven't we?"

Aunt Tabitha did not answer his question. Instead she turned her head wearily and motioned him to leave.

IT was two o'clock in the night when Ellen awakened Ted. She was shaking him vigorously. At first he could not remember what it was she was talking about. "Ted," she was whispering, "I think I know what's the matter."

"Matter?" he sleepily rejoined. "What's the matter?"

"The chair," she cried excitedly. "It's the chair. I forgot about it."

Ted was wide awake now. "Of course that's it," he agreed. "We should have remembered it was her pride and joy. Well, tomorrow I'll dig it out of the back shed and put it back into the living room."

"Oh, but Ted," Ellen wailed, "that awful green will just spoil all I've tried to do in the living room—and there are layers and layers of paint under that.

"Makes no difference," Ted stoutly rejoined; "if all it takes to make Aunt Tabitha happy and well is that old rocker, in it comes, green or not. I'll get it out before I leave for the office."

Ellen gave up the struggle. Ted could be very firm when he chose. And somehow she rather liked his attitude toward Aunt Tabitha.

True to his word, Ted located the old rocker in the back shed the next morning. It needed dusting, so Ellen cleaned it thoroughly, shaking the seat pillow and the back rest to make them more presentable. She placed it by the window where Aunt Tabitha could not fail to see it when she awakened.

AN hour later, there was a ring from Aunt Tabitha's room. Ellen found her sitting up straight in bed, her eyes full of life, as she glanced from the chair to Ellen and back again.

"Where'd that chair come from?" she demanded. "I thought you had thrown it away."

"Oh, now, Aunt Tabitha," Ellen answered gently, "we haven't thrown away anything of yours. I just moved the chair out of the living room temporarily."

"It's the one thing in this house that I love most of all," Aunt Tabitha said. "When I thought you had done something with it, I just felt I'd lost a lifelong friend. Now, I know you will love and care for this house as I always have."

Ellen was soon on the telephone, calling Ted's office. "Ted," she chirped, "everything's all right. It was the chair all the time. She thought we had disposed of it—that was all that was the matter."

"Is she going to get up today?" he queried.

"Is she? She's up now—sitting in the rocking chair, in the living room. Goodbye now. I'd better go in there, before she falls out."

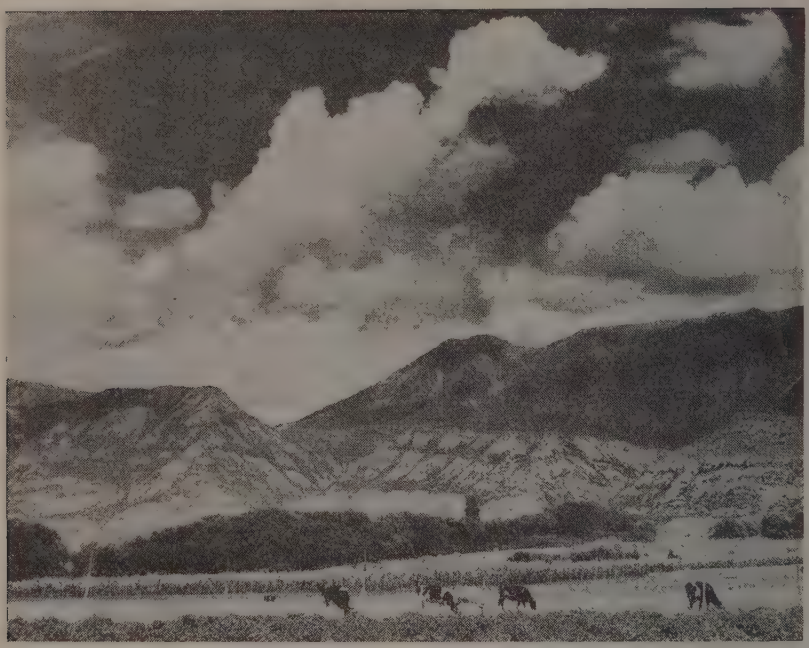
Back in the living room, Ellen found Aunt Tabitha looking around her with a puzzled expression. "What's wrong, Aunt Tabitha?" she asked.

"You know, Ellen," Aunt Tabitha answered, "I think this chair doesn't look right in this room. Wrong color. My mother told me once that this chair is really made of fine walnut. Couldn't we have the paint removed and the natural wood brought out again?"

Ellen's smile was radiant. "Wonderful," she beamed. "You just sit there quietly until I come back. I'll call Stone and Grooms and have them pick up the chair today. They'll have it back in no time."

Left to herself, Aunt Tabitha looked about her contentedly. The room was ever so much nicer than it had been when she went to the hospital. She patted the arms of her little rocker gently, picturing it as it would be when it came back from the furniture man. She would make new covers for it herself—after Ellen chose the material, of course. She smiled happily to herself. These *would* be the best days of her life, after all.

Then, carefully, ever so carefully, she began to rock slowly.



Willard Luce

MOUNT TIMPANOGOS, UTAH

Forever Mine

Della Adams Leitner

This is the old home place, and here
I come returning, worn with travel stains;
Strangers to me possess these verdant fields,
But something mine forever here remains.

The apple trees in petaled fragrance stand,
The sheltered garden pool in willow shade;
The old stone fence, clothed in its ivy robe,
Recalls my father's toil and what he made.

I pause awhile, relive my carefree youth;
I shall go on—perhaps return no more,
But from this tryst with memory I shall take
Comfort for sunset years—a treasure store.

What It Takes

Kay Islaub

MAUREEN got up as soon as the alarm went off. She moved automatically to close the window and then around to Harvey's bed. "Harvey! Wake up, honey! It's six-thirty." The last was lost in a yawn.

In the bathroom she surveyed herself in the mirror. If there was any comfort in being forty, it was to be forty and not look it. She had very few wrinkles, and the new haircut certainly minimized the effect of gray that was just beginning at her temples. Maureen was grateful that she did not look as tired as she felt. She was bone-tired, dog-tired, several varieties of tired.

It wasn't just that she had been up with Dickie at least half a dozen times during the night. Even after his coughing quieted down, and she got back into bed, she couldn't sleep. Her thoughts kept going to the dark-eyed girl sleeping in the room that used to be John's before he went overseas.

John's wife had been with them a month now, and she still seemed as tense and frightened as she had the night she arrived. She had been weary and bewildered that night, and the welcoming committee had been noisy—the entire family: seven-year-old Dickie and the fourteen-year-old twins, plus Grandma Dunn and, of course, Harvey and herself. It was difficult to restrain the children, and even Grandma Dunn had been curious and excited about John's wife.

When Maureen had finally taken Beverly up to John's room, she had suspected the girl was on the verge of hysteria, and as they sat down on the edge of the bed, she had taken one of Beverly's hands and said, "We're so happy you came to be with us, Beverly. We all want you to be as happy as possible here."

Beverly's eyes had clouded with tears, and her "thank you" had been barely audible.

"And we're all so delighted about the baby . . . ." But Maureen had not gone on, because Beverly, with a quick gesture, had pushed her dark hair back from her face, and the eyes that met Maureen's had held a look of wild apprehension.

"Yes, the *baby*. My mother died . . . ." She could not speak for a moment and her throat moved convulsively. "She died when I was born."

Maureen had moved quickly and put her arm around the trembling girl. "They have so many methods to make childbirth safer now, and we'll get a good doctor," she had comforted her as she helped lay out her night things, and saw her safely in bed.

Beverly had seemed calmer the next morning, and it was obvious she was fighting for courage, but, after a month, the fear still seemed to be there.

* * * * *

MAUREEN scrubbed her teeth and washed. Then she went back to the bedroom and shook Harvey again. "Come on, dear, it's after six-thirty."

This time he grunted and sat up

on the edge of the bed, looking big and tousled and not at all like a successful grain buyer in his polka-dot pajamas. "Dickie coughed," he mumbled.

"Yes," she answered his statement. "But he's sleeping now. I'm going to let him sleep. He can't go to school with that cough."

Harvey lumbered sleepily into the bathroom, and Maureen began to dress. Dickie's cough was a worry. He'd had far too many colds this winter. Her mind drifted back to the more urgent worry. She must forget her own heavy fear concerning her older son and find some way to comfort his wife. Terror could be destructive, and Beverly and the new life within her must be kept secure and safe for John when he came home.

After dressing, Maureen looked in on Dickie, whose seven-year length was curled into a relaxed mound under the jumbled covers. His breathing was easy, and he didn't look feverish.

Then she quietly crossed the hall and opened the door to the room her fourteen-year-old twins shared. They were already awake, and she had apparently interrupted a low exchange of words, for Jean was wiping angrily at reddened eyes, and Jill's whole attitude, as she jerked bobby pins out of her hair, was one of impatient defensiveness.

To Maureen, it was a constant source of surprise that her twins were alike in time element only. They did not share a single twin characteristic. Where Jill was gregarious and aggressive, Jean was quiet and shy. The identical shape and shade of their brown eyes were denied in the fiery sparkle of Jill's flashing looks, the soft warmth of Jean's calm observance.

Now Jill turned quickly to her mother. "Mother, I think Jean is just plain selfish about her purple shoes. They just match my dress, and she isn't even going to the dance . . . ."

Jean didn't speak, and Maureen could sense her waiting for her response—her mother's judgment in the case of the purple shoes. "The wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job . . . ." Those had been her own mother's words and that was exactly what it took to rear children.

The argument of the purple shoes had been going on for several days, and Maureen felt sure the only reason the usually generous Jean refused the shoes was because she wanted so much to go to this particular dance herself and didn't have a date.

"Jill, those shoes belong to Jean. She saved the money for them by making her school skirts instead of buying them ready-made as you did. If she doesn't want you to wear the shoes I suggest you stop asking." Maureen didn't like the smug look on Jean's face. "You better get up Jean, it's nearly seven."

MAUREEN closed the door to the twins' room and wondered if she had done and said the right thing. Jill, who was slightly lazy, had no right to expect to reap the rewards earned by industrious Jean, and yet smugness concerning possessions was not good, either. Where was the right place to draw the line?

On her way downstairs, Maureen

passed Beverly's door and wondered if the argument had awakened her. In the last month she had wondered what Beverly must think of their noisy, energetic household. She had felt distressed that Beverly should become aware of the myriad daily problems to be met and solved with the children, and yet while she was living here, it was impossible to insulate her against their everyday life.

In the kitchen Maureen moved quickly and efficiently to prepare breakfast, her hands doing tasks so familiar that she scarcely had to think as she worked. She remembered when John had first written about Beverly. He had met her at a M.I.A. dance. Maureen knew at once that this girl was special as far as John was concerned, but she had been taken completely by surprise when, after knowing Beverly but one month, John had written and asked his mother to get his recommend from the bishop, as he and Beverly planned to get married right away.

Less than three months after the temple ceremony, John had been sent overseas. There had not been time for a trip home, but he had called on the phone, and it was then he had told them that they were expecting a child and asked if Beverly might come and stay with them.

"She has no family, Mom, and she's scared," he had said.

"Of course, John, she must come here with us. There's your room. We could fix it up for her. Why, she must come here!" Her voice had risen with urgency. So it was settled and Beverly had come.

As if it were yesterday Maureen remembered her own fear when she knew she was going to have John. And her own mother's words, "Maureen, women have been having babies since time began, and most of 'em seem to live through it. The really hard part about having a baby is rearing it to be a useful person. Most women can, and do, have babies, but it takes real courage and love, plus the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, to rear 'em to be fine men and women."

These words had been a comfort to her. They had made her feel a kinship with all other women down through the ages, and she had decided to concentrate on being a good mother when her baby arrived.

HARVEY'S kiss on the back of her neck brought Maureen back to the present. She turned and moved into the circle of his arms, and they stood in a warm embrace without speaking. Each morning before the children came downstairs they stood so and seemed to draw strength from each other for the day ahead. Neither of them spoke, for words were unnecessary.

Maureen sighed and drew away from the comfort of the embrace to turn the pancakes that were cooking on the stove. "Drink your orange juice, dear."

"Yes, ma'm," he imitated Dickie. But he picked up his glass of juice. "What's the trouble? You seem to be in the glumps this morning."

"Harvey, I'm worried about Beverly. She seems to be so nervous, so . . . so frightened." It was hard to put her feeling into words.

"She does appear to be a little apprehensive. But who wouldn't be, living with such a batch of in-laws?" He chuckled and began to butter his pancakes. Before Maureen could voice any further doubts, Beverly came into the kitchen.

"Goodness, guess I've overslept again." She smiled shyly. "You could probably call it a habit, I've done it nearly every morning since I've been here."

"Good morning, Beverly." Harvey beamed at the pretty, dark-haired girl, and Maureen was thankful for his gracious way with her.

"There's no need for you to get up. You should sleep as long as you want to." Maureen smiled affectionately as she handed her a glass of fruit juice.

"Oh, I don't feel like I have to get up, it's just that I enjoy . . . I mean it's so nice the way you all have breakfast together." Her lovely eyes grew concerned. "How is Dickie? I heard him coughing."

"Well, he's sleeping and I think his temperature is gone. It's hard to say . . ." Maureen began as Jill flounced into the room.

"Hi, everybody!" She seated herself with an air of tragic melancholy.

"Morning, darling. Who ruffled your feathers so early in the morning?" Harvey grinned at her.

She didn't return his smile, but let the corners of her mouth droop further. "I don't see how anyone can be as selfish as Jean is. She's nothing but a dog-in-the-manger. She isn't even going to the dance. She doesn't have a date."

"I don't want any old date! I don't even want to go to the silly dance." Jean's bravado, as she walked into the kitchen, was betrayed by the slight quaver in her voice.

Maureen felt it was time she stepped into the argument. She carried a plate of pancakes to the table. "I think you are both behaving more like four than fourteen."

She went on conversationally, "Isn't Todd's cousin here from Salt Lake? He seemed like an awfully nice boy, and no one here would know he was a year younger than Todd. In fact, I thought he was the same age when I met him." Maureen watched the light dawn on Jill.

"Mother, that's a wonderful idea. Why didn't I think of it?" Jill turned to her sister. "Would you go, Jean?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't think . . . ." Jean's pessimistic words were denied by the hope that was suddenly shining in her eyes.

Jill leaped up from the table. "I'll call Todd right now."

LATER, after Maureen had kissed her husband goodbye, she watched the twins start out for school arm-in-arm. It seemed that Todd's cousin wanted very much to take Jean to the dance, but because of that temporarily important one year's difference in age, he had been too shy to ask. Jill would wear Jean's purple shoes, and, in fair exchange, Jean would have the loan of Jill's crystal necklace. With a little luck, Maureen thought, that might be the last major crisis today, but there would be something else tomorrow.

The comfortable old house

seemed quiet and peaceful as she walked back to the kitchen. "Why don't you put on some more pancakes while I go check Dickie?" she asked Beverly, who still sat at the table, staring intently out the window.

The girl smiled and moved toward the stove, and, when Maureen came downstairs after looking in on the still sleeping boy, the pancakes were steaming on the table.

They often sat over breakfast this way in the morning, and it had given Maureen her best opportunity to get to know Beverly. She had found the girl sincere and sweet. Not once since the night she came to live with them had she mentioned her fear of having the baby. At times she seemed relaxed and normal, and then again Maureen saw a look of apprehension.

Now Beverly spoke almost before Maureen was seated at the table, as though she had been planning the words while she waited, "I want to talk to you about something, it's . . . well, I . . . I'm so frightened . . . ." She seemed unable to go on.

Maureen put down her fork slowly. Here it was. Now the fear would be out in the open. And that would be best. But did she have the answer? Could she find the words that would comfort Beverly? The answer that would quiet the destroying fear?

"Beverly, women have been having babies since time began. With the care you get today . . . ."

"Oh, I'm not worried about the baby being born. It's . . . ." Beverly began.

"But I thought you . . . the night you came . . . ." Maureen interrupted her, and then could find no words to voice her astonishment.

BEVERLY laughed self-consciously. "I guess I acted like that at first. But, anyway, I'm not frightened about that anymore."

"Then what . . .?" Maureen was at a loss for words again.

"Well, it's partly Dickie. I mean he's been so sick. His cough must be a worry." Beverly spoke slowly.

"Dickie will be all right, Beverly. Nearly all children have a bad winter now and then. Colds or coughs or both. Dr. Morse gave me a good tonic for him yesterday." She smiled reassuringly. "Why Dickie will be back to school in a week."

"Yes, I know. But you've been up so many nights, and you're so patient," Beverly went on. "And then the twins. They're adorable but . . . well, life is so complicated for them. Everything is so vital. And you always seem to know what to say and do. Like this morning at breakfast."

"The twins are in one of the stages that all children go through. They're almost impossible to live with now, but in a year or two they'll suddenly be young women." Maureen laughed ruefully. "And difficult as they are, I hate to see them grow up."

"I know. And then there's John." Beverly's eyes clouded with misery. "At first all I could think of was what it meant to me to have him go away. But now I see all the years, all the love and patience that made him what he is. Now I have an idea of how hard it must be for you . . . ."

"Yes, it's hard." Maureen felt

heavy with sadness. "But every mother knows that someday her children will leave the home, and even while her heart cries out against their leaving, she knows that it is the way of life. A thing she must face, only war makes it much worse." Her eyes met Beverly's. "I hope you never have to send a son to war."

"That's what I mean." Beverly's voice was almost a whisper. "Giving birth to my baby doesn't seem such a problem anymore. It's after they get here. I don't know if . . . I don't know if I have what it takes to be a mother."

Maureen let her body relax into the kitchen chair and felt part of a heavy burden slip from her shoulders. Beverly would be all right. She had stopped thinking of herself and was becoming concerned with the real job ahead of her. She had stopped worrying about the birth and was feeling her first responsibility toward the new life that would be put in her hands soon, slowly understanding that this new life would take all the skill and love and courage she could summon.

The older woman smiled into the young girl's eyes. "When the time comes . . . you'll find you have what it takes," she said.

Join the Crusade Against Cancer

Sandra Munsell

Supervisor, Magazine Advertising Services

Another year has sped by. Another year has taken its toll of cancer victims. In 1953 the number of cancer deaths in the United States was approximately 227,000—one every two and one-third minutes.

Yet, today, in the battle against one of our strongest and cruelest enemies—cancer—there are splendid indications that our hope and faith are not misguided; that the long winter of despair is no longer quite so cold nor quite so dark.

In April, designated Cancer-Control Month by Presidential proclamation, the American Cancer Society will launch its annual Cancer Crusade. To carry on its year-around, three-pronged attack on this dread disease, in research, education, and service to cancer patients, the American Cancer Society hopes to raise at least $35,000,000 through contributions.

Tens of thousands are living happily this springtime—and will live through many springtimes yet to come—because they were *saved* last year from cancer. Other tens of thousands *could* have been saved by today's knowledge, if only they had been treated *in time*. Why weren't they treated in time?

Because of all of us. We haven't worked hard enough at cancer education and service to others. And we still haven't given enough money for training physicians, for clinics, and for research. More help is needed, much more! Let us assure continued progress by joining the Cancer Crusade.

Second Best

Blanche Sutherland

KAY Webster turned the chops and lowered the fire under the skillet before lifting a flushed cheek for Don's homecoming kiss. There were tired lines around her mouth, and a strand of fair hair had escaped its pin.

"Dinner's late," she said, hurriedly putting plates and silver on the table in the breakfast nook. "Mr. Martin brought in some extra contracts to be typed—in triplicate, too, mind you, and at five-thirty."

"Well, I'm late, too," Don consoled. "That's what comes of having to ride with Carson. He's always behind time."

"I wish we had two cars," Kay interjected impatiently, "or you would pick up the baby, and I'd come home by bus. No—that wouldn't do. I'd be later than ever. Oh, well, wash Bobby's hands and put him in his chair, will you, Don? And start him on his dinner. He's so hungry and tired. Mrs. Meredith was just about to feed him when I finally got there."

Don laid an envelope beside his own plate silently and picked up Bobby from the floor, swinging him to his broad shoulder.

"Hi, old man," he said, his broad face tender, "how about a washup and then that egg, I see there?"

Bobby rubbed his eyes with a small, grubby hand. "Egg," he demanded, "egg."

Kay fluffed the potatoes, stirred gravy, and was sliding a pan of rolls from the oven when Don and Bobby returned, sleek and smiling.

"That oven!" she ejaculated. "These rolls are too brown."

Don sniffed appreciatively at the warm odors emanating from the steaming utensils. "I like 'em brown. And chops! Who wants steak when chops are half the price?"

He levelled Bobby into his chair and gave him his spoon. "Did you see what I brought home, honey?" he asked eagerly.

Kay shook her head. "Dinner's ready," she said.

Don sat down, opened the envelope, and passed the contents over, then straightened back, a smile lighting the broad planes of his face. "How's that?" he inquired.

Kay dropped her eyes to the paper, then, "The car," she exclaimed. "In full, Dan, in full? Well, that's off our shoulders."

"Yep. Our car at last, and still in good shape. and now . . . ." He grinned at her.

Kay poured milk into Bobby's cup. "And now. What do you mean—and now?"

Don took an appreciative bite of his chop. "And now, you can quit working, honey. See?"

"Quit!" Kay remonstrated. "The car's paid for, yes, but there's still the house."

"I can take care of that. The fifty dollar raise I got, you know."

"But that's not all, Don," Kay broke in, her blue eyes impatient. "The furniture is all secondhand stuff, as you know. The stove and refrigerator are both on the ragged edge. And then, I want one of these automatic washers—instead of spending half my evenings washing and drying clothes." Kay stopped for breath.

"But if you weren't working, you wouldn't need to wash evenings, honey," he objected. "We'll get all those things in time. Be reasonable, won't you?"

KAY laid down her fork patiently. "But Don, Bobby's all right. Mrs. Meredith is wonderful with children, better than I would be. Bobby has playmates there, all about his own age. He'd be lonesome here all alone."

"He'd get acquainted with his father and mother," Don argued shortly. "The way it is now, we rush him to Mrs. Meredith's so early he can't even have breakfast here. Then, at night, after he's had his dinner, he's tired and goes to bed. That's no way for a family to live."

Kay's lips trembled. She spooned baby food onto Bobby's plate, wiped egg smears from his mouth. "Well, I'm too tired to argue," she said. "I just told Mr. Martin this morning that I'd stay on, so I guess I'll have to."

Don shrugged and finished his meal in silence, his mouth set grimly. But as they were preparing for bed, he renewed his plea.

"Kay, think it over, won't you? I want a real home and a wife who isn't all tired out when I get here, where dinner's ready, and the kid's not too tired to play a little while. Can't you understand?"

Kay, seated at the dressing table, took the bright stones from her ears and started brushing her short, blond hair.

"I'll think about it," she said shortly. "Anyway, there's no hurry."

But she was too tired to think, this night as always, and in the morning there was no time. Don doesn't know what he's asking, she reasoned with herself. Besides, I like working, and Mrs. Meredith is so lovely with Bobby. Breakfast, lunch, and naps right on time. And she's teaching all the children good manners and how to get along together. I couldn't do it.

KAY met Margery Holt in the drugstore downtown that noon when she went in after lunch to get some toilet articles. Marge had her baby with her, almost the same age as Bobby.

"Still working, Kay?" she asked.

"Yes, but Don's beginning to fuss about it," Kay answered. Then, "Do you think I'm unreasonable, Marge? You stay at home, you know how it is. I want to keep on working until we have some of the nice things."

"Well, of course, Don makes more than Ed. But staying at home's no cinch. I'm real tired at night, and we don't go out much as we can't afford a baby-sitter very often. Bobby's all right, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, fine. Mrs. Meredith is wonderful. She takes care of four children, all under two. Some are creeping, some just staggering around. And the jargon!" Kay laughed. "She told me this morning that Bobby said 'Mawy' the other day. She thought he was trying to say Meredith."

Margery laughed. "Of course, that's natural. He sees far more of her than of you."

Kay winced, but did not reply, while Margery continued, "And once they get started talking . . . . My Danny was slow, too, but he's

been saying *Da da* and *Mum* for two or three weeks. Ed was so proud, you'd think no child ever talked before."

"Mum, mum," Danny interrupted. "Da da!" his tiny hands waving in an ecstasy of accomplishment.

Kay smiled down at him, a small stirring of jealousy in her heart. It wasn't any lack in Bobby, of course. She'd start tonight saying *Da da* and *Mummy* over and over. It wouldn't be long.

"And *his first step*," Margery was bubbling on. "Oh, that was a day. Maybe, it's because Danny's our first, but Ed would hardly let the child rest a minute. 'Stand up now,' he'd say, 'like a little man. That's it. Now, come to Daddy.' Over and over, he'd urge him until I had to step in and put him to bed." She laughed. "I suppose it's the same with you."

Kay nodded. She wasn't going to tell Marge that they hadn't known about Bobby's first step alone until he was really walking. Mrs. Meredith had too many first steps to report, maybe.

"Well, I've a tub of laundry waiting," Marge exclaimed. "Come up some Saturday and we'll compare children. So long."

"SAY *Mummy, Daddy*," Kay coaxed Bobby that night as she was preparing him for bed. She pulled a tiny shirt from over his small blond head. "*Mummy, Daddy*."

"Mawy," Bobby replied stolidly. "Mawy."

"What's that he's trying to say?" Don asked from his seat on the bed.

"Meredith, I guess. At least, Mrs. Meredith thinks so," Kay replied shortly, "or imagines," she added. "Though with all those babies gabbing away, I don't know how she'd know who really did say it."

Don's face was inscrutable. He started to speak, thought better of it, and lapsed into silence.

"Did you think any more about giving up your job, Kay?" He asked later as she washed and he wiped the dishes.

"No," she answered crisply.

"Well, do," he urged. "You're looking tired, honey. I'd think you'd rather stay home."

"Marg Holt stays home and she gets tired, too," Kay interjected, "real tired, she expressed it today. They're having a hard time financially, too. I believe she envies us."

Don shrugged and carried a load of dishes to the cupboard. "I wish I'd never let you go back to work," he said grimly.

"Then the car wouldn't be paid for, maybe not even the doctor bill for Bobby, and a lot of other things," she flashed. "Don't forget that."

She wiped off the table, hung up the towels, "I've some things to wash out," she said shortly.

"Okay," Don said, his mouth a grim line. "Anything I can do?"

"No," Kay answered and watched him out of the kitchen. Perhaps Don had forgotten how things had been, she thought, her hands deep in soapsuds. They had married on faith and a shoestrong. She had her job, he had his and, of course, with one rent to pay instead of

two and home-cooked meals so much cheaper than restaurant ones they had decided they could get along. They had for a time. The furnished apartment did very well until they found an unbelievable bargain in a house. They had furnished it with unclaimed furniture from a storage place, all on time, of course.

Then, their luck had faded. Don's car gave out, and they had to buy another, and Dr. Wellman informed them that Bobby was on the way. Soon, there was only Don's salary. Doctor bills mounted, crib, carriage, layette had to be bought, later, hospital bills, nurses and pediatricians to be paid. The first of the month became a nightmare of juggling salary against groceries, bills, and house and car payments. There never was enough to go around. Kay watched Bobby through many a minor upset to save another doctor bill.

THEN, she had found Mrs. Meredith. Kay reached for the soap box, recalling her first encounter with her. She had gone for a walk in the park with four-month-old Bobby and a sudden rainstorm had sent her up on the porch of a nearby house for shelter. Suddenly, the door opened and a pleasant woman had appeared.

"Come in, my dear," she exclaimed. "You're getting wet. I'm Mrs. Meredith."

Thankfully, Kay accepted and found inside what seemed to be a room full of bassinets, cribs, playpens, all with children in them, all nearly the same size.

"Are they all yours?" she asked in bewilderment. "Twins or triplets, or . . ." she stammered, looking from one to the other.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Meredith laughed. "I only take care of them. It's just another way of earning a living." She picked a string of plastic balls up and handed it to the occupant of a bassinet. "I love children, and it's much easier if they're all about the same age."

"But—but where are their mothers?" Kay gasped.

"Oh, working. Diane, here has a father in Korea, Jerry over there in the play-pen, his father is dead. Mary's mother works to make ends meet. Different reasons, you know," she explained. "But sit down and let me see your baby. Boy, isn't it?"

Kay complied, and by the time the rain had ended and Mrs. Meredith had disclosed her terms, she was thoroughly imbued with her new idea. Everything, the room, the babies were shining clean, the children seemed happy and well cared for. This would be the answer, and Mr. Martin, her employer, had told her any time she wanted to come back, he'd find a place for her.

"Would you take Bobby?" she had asked. "I really need to work, we're so in debt. And I'd feel perfectly safe if he were here."

Mrs. Meredith hesitated and looked about. "I've never taken more than four at a time," she objected. "I'm afraid not." She brightened. "Judy's mother is getting better. Perhaps it won't be too long before she can care for her herself. Give me your name and telephone. I'll call when I can take him."

Bobby had gone to Mrs. Mere-

dith at six months of age, ten months ago. They'd paid their debts, one by one, bought a few pieces of furniture, finished the payments on the car—and now . . . .

Kay poured the pan of suds into the sink, filled it with fresh water, and started rinsing small shirts and stockings, overalls, and sweaters. Now, with an automatic washer, Bobby's clothes would all be clean and dried by the time he was in bed and she'd be through for the night. She crisscrossed a cord in the kitchen and hung up the small garments with a sigh of relief. Maybe this was the last time. There wasn't a single reason why the washer might not be decided upon tomorrow, or the next day at the latest.

DON made only a small objection, going with her to decide on the make and size most suitable. After that, life went along as usual, except that Kay wasn't so tired at night, and they had their evenings together.

"I guess you were right, Kay," Don owned grudgingly one evening. The weary lines had disappeared from the face she bent over her mending. "At least, about the washer," he amended. "What's that you are sewing on?"

"Bobby's overalls. I've mended and mended them but hand-sewing doesn't hold. I believe I'll get a sewing machine. It would really be a saving. I could make the drapes for this room for a third of the price they charge."

Don shook his head wearily. "Here we go again," was all he said.

Kay went on, "And I saw a sofa in Hanagan's window, just the color I want." Kay turned and looked about the room. "Everything's so shabby. Now, with new drapes," she went on brightly, "and another chair, you wouldn't know the place."

"Honey, honey," Don begged, reaching forward for her hand. "Let's be satisfied with what we have until I can manage. I'll get the sofa and the drapes, and after a while the sewing machine. Just be patient, won't you?" He patted her hand. "Those are just things, and meanwhile we're losing a real home. Bobby is, too, if you'd only see it."

Kay turned her head away. Was she unreasonable? Don looked so eager, it seemed to mean so much to him. Then, suddenly, something of the old panic she had felt before and just after Bobby's birth returned. Who knew when bad luck might strike, and they'd be faced with bills again—every month turning this way and that, balancing this against that. She was doing this as much for Bobby's sake as for theirs, she thought irritably.

She pulled her hand away from Don's. "Another year maybe," she promised, "just to be safe."

DON pushed back his chair and got up abruptly, his dark eyes hard as a stranger's beneath the thick, dark brows. "And you have no faith in me and my ability to take care of you and Bobby."

"It isn't that," Kay objected, but she knew it was.

"Or are you a coward?" Don asked bitingly. He picked his hat from the closet shelf and walked out.

Kay gathered up her mending with unsteady hands. She wasn't a

coward, she wasn't, and she didn't doubt Don. She only wanted to do the best for all their sakes.

Later, in bed, she turned and tossed until Don returned, finally dropping off to sleep, promising herself that when the sewing machine was paid for, she would stop work. But not now, she told herself feverishly, Don would just have to understand.

One afternoon, several weeks later, Mrs. Meredith called. Bobby seemed to have a cold, she said, his temperature was up a little. Probably, nothing to worry about, but Kay should come and get him. The other children must be protected.

He did seem quite feverish, Kay found. She bundled him up and carried him to the car, trying to hush his crying. It couldn't be serious, Bobby was always so well. But she'd call Dr. Wellman. Then she'd call the office, and say she wouldn't be back that day, and after that, Don.

"It's too early for a diagnosis," the doctor reported. "There are a number of things it might prove to be. I'll leave something for his fever and the cough. Keep him in bed and no visitors. It might be contagious. I'll see you tomorrow."

Contagious? Oh no, Kay thought, dismayed. I'll call Don.

Don arrived home early, his dark face anxious. "I got hold of Johnson and he brought me," he explained. "How's Bobby?" He stood over Bobby's bed. "Probably just a cold," he said without conviction. "Do you suppose it's something he caught over at that Meredith woman's?"

"No," Kay replied. "I called 'that Meredith woman' as you term her. She said the other children were all well. It's probably something he picked up at the zoo where you insisted on taking him Saturday."

Don shrugged and looked at her in silence. Then, "I wanted you to go, too, remember? We have so few pleasures together with Bobby, honey. Saturday afternoon is our only day."

"And my only day for finishing those drapes," she replied in a tense voice.

BY the fourth day, telltale spots appeared on Bobby's face, and the doctor's verdict was measles.

"Measles," Kay exclaimed. "Oh, all children have measles. How long will it take to clear up? My job, you know."

"Two weeks, probably," the doctor said. "That is, if everything goes well, and there are no complications."

Kay sobered instantly. "Complications?"

"Bronchitis, ear trouble, even pneumonia is possible. But keep him comfortable, no chilling, no drafts. Care is the necessary thing."

After the doctor's departure, Kay stood watching Bobby, his small flushed face against the pillow. He coughed hoarsely and opened his eyes. "Mawy," he called, "Mawy!"

Kay bent and touched his hot little forehead. "Mommy's here, Bobby. This is Mommy. Do you want a drink of water?"

Bobby turned his face away. "Mawy," he sobbed, "wan Mawy."

He means Mrs. Meredith, Kay thought numbly. "Mawy can't come, Bobby. Daddy will be here soon, though."

"No. Mawy," Bobby sobbed over and over, "wan Mawy."

That night Bobby woke screaming with an earache. He cried constantly for "Mawy," until the doctor arrived with a sedative.

"Who is it he's calling for?" he asked, "a playmate?"

"No, a Mrs. Meredith who has been caring for him," Kay replied slowly.

"I see. Too bad. Of course, she couldn't come." He turned in an attempt at jocularity. "Bobby'll have to get along with just his Mom and Dad. Usually, a good combination, though," he smiled. "If the baby's not better by morning, call me."

Kay studiously avoided Don's eyes. She knew what he was thinking. He and she were second best in the eyes and heart of their own baby. And it was her own fault. She had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. His first step alone had been for Mrs. Meredith, his first word had been her name. The mess of pottage was a box of receipted bills, a washer, living-room drapes, and a sewing machine. Don was able and more than willing to care for his family's real needs.

She threw herself down beside the bed where Bobby was lying in a drugged sleep and wept. "You must hate me, Don," she sobbed hopelessly. "I hate myself. It's not only me but I've robbed you, too. I've given away Bobby's babyhood, as if it were nothing. And nothing can bring it back, *ever!*"

She felt Don's hands lifting her. "I don't hate you," he said, his face against her hair. "I love you. I know you thought you were doing right, I've known that all along. You just were scared of unpaid bills, which we could pay in awhile with careful budgeting and not buying unnecessary things."

He raised her chin and kissed her trembling lips. "Besides, by another month Bobby will have forgotten all about Mrs. Meredith. You'll see."

"Do you think so, really? It seems mean, she's such a nice person," Kay sympathized, then brightened at a new determination.

"I'll call her in the morning and the Martin Company, too. They can both start advertising in the *Wanted* columns. Bobby and I are going to be occupied otherwise from now on," she concluded, with a glow of gratitude in her heart for her decision.

The First Spring Crocus

Thelma W. Groneman

Come with me and I will show you
Where the first spring crocus grows
Beneath a hedge in wild abandon,
Spills its gold on melting snows;
Catching the robin's liquid notes,
Coaxing the spring along to share
The joy of newborn life and love.
Come, and I will take you there.

Nevada's Valley of Fire

Willard Luce

Willard Luce

ELEPHANT ROCK IN THE VALLEY OF FIRE, NEVADA

POLITICALLY, Nevada's Valley of Fire has a checkered history. At one time it was up for consideration as a national monument. When this was dropped, Nevada itself took it over as a State Park. Finally, the State withdrew its support, and the Valley is now under the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management. It is being considered as an addition to the Lake Mead Recreation Area, and as such would be placed under the supervision of the National Parks Service.

But, regardless of the Valley of Fire's political affiliations, it is still a mighty interesting place to visit. Nevada Highway 40 is only twenty-three miles long, running from the Lake Mead Recreation Area to Crystal, on U. S. Highway 91 and

93. Much of this twenty-three miles is through the jumbled red ledges of the Valley of Fire.

Extending the borders of the Recreation Area would place the Valley of Fire under the jurisdiction of the park rangers who could help protect it from vandals who are now robbing it of its petrified trees, smashing and shooting its signs, and generally marring its natural beauty.

The Valley receives its name from the jumbled strips of red sandstone ledges which lie like long, red welts across the drab Nevada landscape. Brilliant at any time, these ledges, two hundred to eight hundred feet high, become flaming red at sunset. The tops of the ledges are jagged and broken, making the ledges appear even more like falls of flame.

Within the Valley are numerous stone formations, including two elephant rocks. Fossils of marine reptiles and partial skeletons of camels have been found. Side roads lead to petrified trees and petroglyphs.

Picnicking areas, constructed by the State of Nevada, are still fairly intact; but be sure to bring your own water. Near the eastern boundary of the Valley is the grave, marked by a large headstone, of a soldier who didn't. His death happened a long time back, when the road was part of the old Mormon Trail to Las Vegas and Southern California. He died there in the shadow of his wagon, only a few miles from the Muddy River and less than half a mile from a spring up in the rugged sandstone ledges. Water, like gold, is where you find it there in the desert.

Double Beauty

Lena Woodbury

IN April, Los Robles is the most beautiful street in Pasadena. It is lined on either side with the camphor tree, a well-branched evergreen with shining leaves. The trunk and branches are dark brown, almost black, a striking background for the glistening foliage. In April the old leaves turn red and yellow and drop in great profusion as the new growth appears. The sidewalks are covered, the street is covered, the gutters are piled high.

Is it Los Robles I love or is it memories of such scenes of my childhood? I am kicking through the leaves on my way to school, those great piles of red and gold and brown, the rich treasures that the trees almost overnight have cast at my feet. I hear the crackle of them as I scuffle along. I see them flying before me in the wind. All this flash of color and movement is mine to catch and to remember.

I see my dearest older sister, even then a mother with several children, coming to visit my mother. Seeing the lawn so covered with leaves, she kicks her feet joyously, flings herself down into the leaves, rolls delightedly down the slope. What freedom, what joy! At the bottom of the lawn she rolls right into the small irrigation ditch full of water which had been hidden by the carpet of leaf color.

As I drive up Los Robles in April I laugh. The laugh is for an autumn of long ago. A Utah autumn. For those who are no longer children, beauty is always double. The beauty of today, and just as immediate, the beauty of yesterday, are tied inseparably together by the ribbon of memory.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

AN ETCHING: It was a bright, clear morning in the Wasatch Range. The lofty, alpine valley near the head of the canyon, high up among the peaks, lay gleaming in the morning sun. White stemmed quaking aspens stood out in sharp relief against a background of dark pines. Their pale green leaves, shot through with golden sunbeams, trembled lightly in the gentle breeze . . . . Above and beyond the fringe of trees stretched an unbroken forest, and still beyond, yet in the near distance, rose rocky cliffs and snowy summits, outlined in grey and white against the deep blue sky . . . .

—Anna D. Thrall

SCHOOL OF OBSTETRICS AND NURSING: Mrs. Lizzie H. Shipp, professor and practical teacher of obstetrics, will open a school of obstetrics in Salt Lake City the first Monday in May. A half yearly course will be taught for the unprecedented low terms of ten dollars.

—Selected

WHEN THE SUMMER COMES AGAIN

There will be glad rejoicing
When the summer comes again,
When the rivers break their fetters
And the rills throw off their chains . . . .
All living things as in one voice,
Will unite in glad acclaim . . . .
The vestments of glad adorning,
Will be worn through earth's domain . . . .
All its forces northward streaming
When the summer comes again.

—L. M. Hewlings

WOMAN FARMER: Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith of Cambridge City, Indiana, proprietor of one of the finest Shorthorn herds in the country . . . . believes there is no spot equal to a farm for at once furnishing a competence and enabling a woman to establish a beautiful home and bring up her children nobly.

—Selected.

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SANPETE: The Relief Society Conference of the Sanpete Stake of Zion convened in the Spring City Meeting House, December 16th. President M. A. P. Hyde presiding. The branches of the Relief Society of Fayette, Gunnison, Sterling, Moroni, Chester, Mt. Pleasant, Wales, Spring City and Ephraim represented. Counselor Sarah Peterson was pleased with the humble spirit manifested. Spoke at some length on the storing of grain and culture of silk. President Canute Peterson advised the sisters to gather wheat for it will be needed . . . .

—Mary A. F. Hansen, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD, of the general Relief Society board, acted as the Utah vice-chairman of the 1954 campaign of the Crusade for Freedom. Last year, while serving in the same office, she received a personal citation from the national committee for her outstanding service. This was signed by Admiral C. E. Wilson, Henry Ford, and H. S. Miller. On a percentage basis, Utah was the highest 1953 contributor to the fund, of any state in the Union. The effect of messages distributed by broadcast, balloon, or otherwise, to the people behind the Iron Curtain from the people of America themselves (not the Government) is astonishingly inspiring to the recipients.

TENLEY ALBRIGHT, after a courageous come-back from polio, became, in 1953, the first United States girl ever to win the world figure-skating championship. One critic comments, "She did to figure skating what Pavlova did to the ballet." A pre-medical student at Radcliffe, she has no ambitions to become a professional skater.

IN January, Mrs. Hattie Whitney (Sidney G.) Saville died. She was a granddaughter of Newell K. Whitney, first presiding bishop of the Church in Utah, and the last member of the family of Horace K. and Mary Cravath Whitney, pioneers of 1847. She was a former president of Ensign Stake Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

ILONA KARMEL was a young high school girl in Poland when the Nazis invaded. She spent two years in concentration camps, where she wrote poetry on the backs of work sheets. She was later graduated from Harvard University, where she is now a teaching-fellow. Her first novel, *Stephania*, was a Literary Guild selection last spring.

MABEL BORG JENKINS, Salt Lake City musician and teacher, was recently paid a high tribute by internationally famous Utah pianist Grant Johannesen, who spoke of his former teacher as being the "most important" in his long career of piano study.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Augusta Stenquist, Tremonton, Utah, for her ninety-ninth birthday; Mrs. Julia Caroline Beal Burr, Provo, Utah, ninety-six; Mrs. Amanda L. Pope, Garden City, Utah, ninety-five; Mrs. Anna Rogers Moyes, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-four; Mrs. Sarah Ann Smith Boren, Salt Lake City, ninety-two; Mrs. Amy Keister, Grand Island, Nebraska, ninety-two.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 APRIL 1954 NO. 4

Arbor Day

Plant thou a tree whose griefless leaves shall sing
Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.
—E. M. Thomas.

EVERY nation has in the pages of its history some heroes, some great deeds, or some incident in the national life which it desires to hold in remembrance, or some object to which it attaches some special significance. There are a number of the days on the calendar which are specially set apart as holidays in the United States. Most of these days are kept in remembrance of the past, but one of our American holidays turns its face toward the future, rather than toward the past. It is Arbor Day, which is kept as a symbol of progress, so that the children of the present may be able to prepare a blessing for the children of the future.

Arbor day owes its origin to J. Sterling Morton, a former secretary of Agriculture, when he was a member of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture in 1872. Before the inauguration of this day, Nebraska was called the treeless state. On the first Arbor Day, more than a million trees were planted. During the next twelve years over 350,000,000 trees, vines, and shrubs were planted.

In the West there were many treeless plains, and this beautiful and useful custom of planting trees at once aroused the interest of other states, and the plan was generally taken up throughout the country. Arbor Day is set aside for the planting of trees and shrubs around the homes, along the highways, and in other places, where they are needed, for future blessings and enjoyment. The purpose of this celebration is to impress upon our boys and girls, our future American citizens, the necessity of planting trees for the security of our nation's material welfare, and to implant in their hearts a love of nature. Teachers, concerned over the rapid destruction of the forests, have used the occasion to tell children of the importance of trees and to teach them their importance to the well-being of the nation.

Whatever the date that Arbor Day is observed in the different states, it is a wonderful time for families to enjoy happy recreational hours together. Take a drive out into the country, note the quickening of the earth as a result of the warm sunshine that has penetrated the ground, see earth coming to life. An urge will fill your beings to plant. Why not plan a day of activity for the whole family? If there is a new tree to be planted sometime during the spring, why not allow the children to enjoy the pleasure and make a ceremony of it rather than to hire

someone to come from the nursery for that purpose. Planting is the most delightful business of gardening. Trees should be planted with intelligent thought. They should be carefully selected and tenderly cared for after they are planted. Children should be taught in the home and in the schools to love trees, the kinds to select for planting in different localities, how to plant, and then how to protect and care for trees. He who plants a tree plants a future beauty and joy, and not only for his own, but for a future generation.

However, we must remember Arbor Day means more than planting trees. Shrubbery, plants, and seeds of various kinds should be planted, yards should be cleaned, lots and the property around our homes should be made more sightly. The next time you drive into your home driveway look at your house and lot with the eye of a keen, observant stranger. What do you see? Do your home and its surroundings live up to their potentialities as beauty spots? We may not be able to have costly homes, but we all can have clean, attractive yards and well-kept houses. Those who hold office, whether church or civic, should especially see to it that they set a worthy example in this regard.

Get the spirit of Arbor Day, do some planting that will beautify your property and your surroundings. Encourage and help those responsible for doing so, to beautify the grounds around the public buildings in your town. Let us each make this world a more beautiful place in which to live by truly observing this Arbor Day.

—V. N. S.

Nellie W. Neal Resigns from the General Board

IT is with regret that the general board announces the resignation of Nellie W. Neal as a member of the general board. Sister Neal came to the board in May of 1949 with experience and knowledge of Relief Society work from her position as a stake Relief Society president.

Since her appointment to the board, Sister Neal has conscientiously and full heartedly carried out every assignment given her. She has given careful attention and thought to the work of education committees and special committee work. Particularly outstanding was her preparation of a set of lessons for special study. Her artistic ability was recognized and used on occasions.

Sister Neal was always ready to subordinate her personal wishes to the furtherance of Relief Society procedures and willingly carried out all instructions and recommendations. Her devotion and ability will be greatly missed by her associates who wish her success in her future endeavors.

Notes TO THE FIELD

"A Centenary of Relief Society" Out of Print

A Centenary of Relief Society was published for the one hundredth anniversary of Relief Society in 1942 and contains much valuable historical information concerning the activities of the society during its first one hundred years. It is now out of print, and the general board does not contemplate reprinting it, so we suggest that each organization, stake and ward, preserve one copy for reference. Those stakes or wards which already have them in their libraries should see to it that they are properly bound to preserve them and that the name of the organizaion is either printed on the cover or written on the flyleaf on the inside, so as to indicate clearly that it is the property of the society. Those organizations which do not already have a copy in their libraries should try to obtain one from someone in their stake or ward and have it bound. We recommend this same plan be followed in the missions. We suggest that these books be bound in one of the new synthetic materials, such as fabricoid, as this binding is considered more durable than leather.

We have arranged with the Desert News Press, Salt Lake City, to bind the *Centenaries* in blue fabricoid with a 24-carat gold seal and lettering on it, according to our specifications, so that they may all be bound alike, and stamp the name of the society on the cover in gold for $2.25 per copy postpaid. A month to six weeks should be allowed for binding the books which should be sent direct to the Deseret News Press, 31 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. We recommend that stakes make this an early project so that every organization may preserve a copy of the *Centenary*.

Book of Mormon Reading Project

REPORT forms on The Book of Mormon reading project will be sent to stake Relief Society presidents in May 1954, and should be returned not later than July 15, 1954. The general board wishes to encourage all sisters to do the reading of The Book of Mormon for this year, which includes from the Book of Jacob through the 8th chapter of Alma. In order for a sister to receive credit, the reading must have been done during the year in which the lessons have been studied in Relief Society.

Prelude Music

Florence Jepperson Madsen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE word prelude means: preceding or introductory. Prelude music has reference to the preliminary music played just before the meeting begins. Its purpose is to introduce or create an atmosphere appropriate to the occasion. It sets a background for what is to follow.

The music chosen for the prelude may be sacred or secular, depending on the nature of the gathering in which it is to be used. For instance, if it is to be played before a patriotic meeting, a type of music is required that will stimulate a feeling of dynamic patriotism, the type that makes an audience want to sing along with the music. It should, therefore, be vigorous in tempo and have pronounced rhythmical accents.

On the other hand, a religious service requires prelude music of an entirely different nature, music that is sustained and tranquil and which generates a feeling of deep spiritual fervor and devotion. Such music stimulates listeners with an attitude of silent, worshipful meditation and prepares them for devotional service.

The organist and the pianist who have studied considerably have naturally accumulated a great number of musical compositions covering a wide variety of styles and types. The organist will have learned many numbers that can be used in church. The pianist, however, will have studied an entirely different kind of repertoire; therefore, will have fewer of the slow, sustained compositions that are best suited for church service. Nevertheless, there are many numbers, such as Schumann's "Traumerei" and Handel's "Largo," that can be played effectively on the piano as preludes in religious service. Other similar numbers may be found by looking through piano compositions in music stores.

Through this procedure one may, at the same time, determine whether or not one has the necessary technique with which to play the selected numbers. This is also an excellent way to become acquainted with new music materials.

Another important factor in relation to prelude music is that of the timing element. The music should cease at the moment the meeting is to begin. This means that the composition has been correctly timed often enough to assure its rendition in the allotted time. On occasion it may sometimes be necessary to shorten a number in order to use it. This involves careful judgment as to what should or should not be used. However, when the composition is played it should still give the impression of completeness. There may also be occasions when it will be necessary to lengthen a number. This can be done, most generally, by repeating certain strains or parts of the composition or by playing it through again. Here, again, timing is a vital factor.

Efforts should always be made to use appropriate prelude music and to correlate it with the spirit and subject of the day.

Books for Organists and Pianists

A. REED ORGAN BOOKS:

Organ Voluntaries, volumes I and II, SCHREINER and J. FISCHER $2.50
Thirty-Eight Voluntaries for Reed Organ, JACKSON & G. SCHIRMER 1.00
Thirty-Eight Voluntaries for Reed Organ, J. FISCHER
volume I 1.00
volume II 1.50
Reed Organ Player, WALTER LEWIS and T. PRESSER ..... .90
Forty-Three Organ Voluntaries, LORENZ ..... .85
Gems for the Organ, SHELLEY and G. SCHIRMER 1.75
Harker's Harmonium Collection, G. SCHIRMER 1.00
Ninety-Three Short Pieces for the Hammond Organ or Piano, JACKSON and G. SCHIRMER (written in two staves) 2.25

B. SACRED PIANO MUSIC:

Sabbath Day Music for the Piano, O. DITSON 1.00
Church and Chapel Voluntaries, DREISBACH and G. SCHIRMER 2.00
Chapel Musings, PERRY and PRESSER ..... .75

C. PIPE ORGAN BOOKS:

Devotional Organ Music, ASPER and CARL FISCHER (also for electronic organ) 2.50
Organ Voluntaries, volumes I and II, SCHREINER and J. FISCHER 2.00
Church Music for the Smallest Organ, NEVIN and J. FISCHER 1.00
Organ Melodies, LANDON and PRESSER 1.50
Ecclesiae Organum, WILLIAM C. CARL and JOHN CHURCH 2.50
Organ Musings, PRESSER 1.50
Chancel Echoes, WILLIAM M. FELTON and PRESSER 1.00
Organ Vistas, PRESSER 1.50
Twenty-Five Pieces for the Small Pipe Organ, SCHREINER and J. FISCHER 2.50

The books listed are recommended by the Church Music Committee.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR ORGANISTS AND PIANISTS

Peery's Piano Voluntaries, LORENZ 1.25
Church Service Selections for Organ or Piano, No. 2, RODEHEAVER 1.25
Chapel Voluntaries for Organ or Piano, EDWARD B. MARKS ..... .75
Chapel Voluntaries for Organ, Harmonium, or Piano, EDWARD B. MARKS (from Books I to X, inclusive) (2 staves) ..... .75
Thirty-Two Short Pieces for Hammond or Pipe Organ, G. SCHIRMER (arranged by Charles Boyd) 1.50
The Sacred Hour at the Organ, ARNO, CARL FISCHER 2.00
Sunday Piano Music (For Church and Home), PRESSER 1.00
Piano Voluntaries, PRESSER 1.00
Sacred Piano Album for Home and Church, CARL FISCHER 1.00
Twenty Preludes and Postludes for Pipe Organ, TRUETTE, SCHMIDT 1.00
The Liturgical Organist for Pipe or Reed Organ or Piano, J. FISCHER and BROTHERS (two staves) (volumes 1-6) 3.50
Belwin Organ Album, Belwin Music Company (volumes I, II, and III) 1.50
Classic and Modern Gems for Organ or Piano, PRESSER 1.25
Instrumental Church Service Selections (for Organ or Piano) Rodeheaver Co. 1.25
Church and Chapel Voluntaries for Piano, G. SCHIRMER 2.00
School of Organ Playing (op. 31) edited by SHIPPEN BARNES 2.50

Because of the fluctuations in the prices of music, the above list can only be approximate.

The *Etude*, a monthly music magazine, has in it an organ and a piano department, with a question and answer division. The cultivation of the voice and choral work are also stressed. The chorister, as well as the organist, will find valuable information and help in this magazine. It can be found in most libraries, or one may subscribe for it. It is published by Theodore Presser Company, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, $3.50 per year.

If the music listed above is not available at your local music store, it may be obtained from the following dealers:

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah
Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main, Salt Lake City, Utah
2546 Washington St., Ogden, Utah
57 North University St., Provo, Utah

Summer Fireplace

Elizabeth Williamson

Arrange this pleasing composition for your fireplace for the summer months. Use a large piece of aged wood, or driftwood, which you may have had to clean up a bit by using a wire brush or sandpaper. Some pieces of driftwood have worn smooth as satin and need no cleaning whatsoever. Behind the wood, place a transparent bowl which will not be obvious, and use Michaelmas daisies or small flowers with small foliage. Dried field grasses are attractive, also. These almost neutral arrangements are delicate and will not clash with brighter and more colorful flower arrangements in other parts of your room.

Hal Rumel

TABLE ARRANGEMENT BY FLORENCE C. WILLIAMS

Let Your Table Tell a Story

Helen S. Williams

LOVE of parties is instinctive, virtually, to most of us. Friends just naturally seek friends to sew, to knit, or chat with, or to be entertained by someone who is talented in music or storytelling.

To some a party means just to get together—nothing more—nothing less. To Florence C. Williams, however, a party, either large or small, is an occasion, an event. No matter who the guests are, whether they are two or three precious old friends who come for a bit of lunch, or twenty, or fifty persons of distinction invited to dine formally, Florence Williams gets an idea and develops it into an ingenious work of art, interest, and originality.

What are the guests going to do? Have they any special interest? What are their hobbies? What season is it—and what is at hand to make this party something in particular? These are the questions Mrs. Williams asks herself when she begins to plan for a party.

On her table and at her parties she uses the essential principles which make for artistry: first, beautiful color; second, a focal point of interest; third, a flowing rhythm; fourth, original and unique accents; and fifth and most important, harmony and beauty.

Above is pictured a table set for a sewing-bee luncheon. It is exquisitely planned in every detail. Yet everything used could be found in almost any home. Three, six,

or eight could sit around this table and catch the spirit for a delightful afternoon of sewing.

A lovely bouquet exquisitely proportioned rises from a plain wicker sewing basket. Because the basket happened to be lined with yellow satin, Mrs. Williams chose pale yellow as her *color scheme*, and carried out all the details in harmony with the color. Daisies with yellow centers, grouped artistically, give the arrangement great style. They are arranged high and to one side. Then the soft ball of white yarn stuck with knitting needles, and the skeins of yellow wool in light and dark shades, balance the bouquet perfectly and create her *focal point* of interest on the table.

Any lovely arrangement must have a feeling of motion, and the *rhythm* of this table is achieved by the pale yellow ribbons running artistically out from one side of the basket, with spools of yellow and white thread slipped on them and tied in casual bows.

The clever and necessary *accents* are the buttons, tape measures, and tiny emery bags in the shape of strawberries. These follow the graceful curving lines from the centerpiece to the corner of the table, creating a lovely sense of rhythm. They add interest and carry out the theme for the afternoon of stitching and knitting.

A beautiful table always gives a feeling of complete *harmony*. The cloth, place cards, flowers, and gifts must blend to express the central idea.

Thus the cloth used is pale yellow organdy, around the edge of which are appliqued daisies, duplicates of the ones growing out of the basket. The place cards are large daisies (they may be artificial or natural). Their centers little pincushions with yellow and white headed pins stuck upright in them. On the corner of the table rests the guest prize which carries out and completes the unusualness of the central idea.

The box was originally just a plain plastic spool box bought at a notion counter, but it has been glorified for this lovely spring sewing bee with various shades of yellow thread. Each spool has a tiny ring of seed pearls, circling its top. The box itself, fit for a queen, has been adorned with gold braid and rows and rows of little pearls. The recipient of this lovely and unusual gift will have it to adorn her sewing table for months to come as a gentle reminder of a wonderful afternoon as the honored guest of a friend who entertained so beautifully.

Yes, Florence Williams is an artist. She loves people, and her hobby is planning and giving ideas for parties, ideas that make her parties linger on and on in the memories of those who attend.

Surely after an afternoon at this lovely sewing party, the guests would leave humming softly to themselves, "We are sewing, daily sewing," and thinking, why I could do a table on that order myself, and have my friends come to a party at my house!

It Happens Every Spring

Verda Mackay

Blossoms burst their bonds
Fragile as chantilly lace
Which each new spring is changed;
Thus nature weaves a different pattern
With all things rearranged.

The Part-Time Heart

Hannah Smith

MAL was taking her out to dinner later, so Evelyn hadn't eaten with the family, but she had sat at the table with them. There was a lot of talking to catch up on, with her grandfather home again after so long a time. The dining room on a chilly California evening was a pleasant place, with the overhead light drawing the seven Adams faces into an animated circle around the table.

The words and phrases ran together: "Joe says he hates the Korea weather . . . you give the flag salute tonight . . . four years before they put the road through . . . pinch of rosemary in it . . . you can always borrow a bugle . . . ."

Rob, her twenty-year-old brother, was teasing his mother with a far-fetched account of his pre-medical school day; nineteen-year-old Kat had a letter from Joe Hanson in Korea she kept trying vainly to read aloud, and her father and Philip were arguing in a serious, important undertone about the scout meeting in the family basement that night. Then there was Gramps; there were so many things everyone wanted to ask him, even though they had been plying him with continuous questions ever since he got back from his trip to Ecuador.

Evelyn sat with her chin cupped in her hands, her blonde hair falling forward in two soft fans on either side of her intent, pretty face, looking first at one and then another of them, but most often at her grandfather, so worn and sparse-looking, his eyesight failing, but still seeming so young, hopeful, and full of the serene happiness she always associated with him. She felt an echo of the same happiness within herself, with the family all together again at last, and ahead of her a long evening with Mal.

Mal! She caught a glimpse of the clock and gasped out loud.

"Oh, no!" She jumped up. "It just can't be seven-thirty already! Mal's coming at eight!"

"Hurry, hurry!" jeered Kat. "Old Sobersides will be mad if you're late."

"Won't Deadpan wait for you?" Rob drawled, sticking out a long leg as if to trip her, as she started pell-mell for the door.

Evelyn gave them an absent-minded grimace and dashed for the stairs. Running up to her room, she thought wryly of their nicknames for Mal. She couldn't wonder at them, really—there were two Mals, the reserved, stiff-faced one the family always met on his fleeting appearances in the front hall, and the Mal she knew and loved—the endearing and affectionate one who made her feel so special and priceless, the Mal she was going to marry.

She knew, though, that after what had happened Saturday, Mal would be even more stiff and uncommunicative tonight than usual. It would never do to let him know

she had been dawdling at the table instead of getting ready; it would only add another point in the score he was totaling against her family. When the doorbell rang, she grabbed up her coat and purse and ran, but when she got to the landing she saw that Mal was already inside, talking to her mother. From above he looked polite enough; there was even a smile on his dark, craggily handsome face, but Evelyn went down the steps so fast she was breathless when she reached the downstairs hall.

HER mother turned a calmly pleasant face and Evelyn drew an unconscious sigh of relief.

"Evie tells me this is a big evening, Mal. A celebration." Mrs. Adams smiled up at him as she put her arm around Evelyn. Usually Evelyn would have returned the hug, but now, with Mal's eyes on her, she busied herself drawing on her gloves.

"I've been counting the minutes!" she said gaily.

"Really?" he said, and there was a faint edge of hostility in his voice. He steered her out the door with the briefest of goodnights to her mother and—just as she had feared—flared out at her before they were off the front steps.

"Counting the minutes? Is that why you broke our date Saturday night?"

"Oh, honey!" Evelyn put her hand on his topcoat sleeve, looking up at his face. Even in the dark she knew his expression—that baffling blend of reticence and hurt.

"I told you over the phone how it was, Mal! Gramps got home that evening—the first any of us had seen him for five whole years. I couldn't have been away when he came, now could I?"

"If it hadn't been that it would have been some other vital family affair." Mal shook off her hand and strode ahead to open the car door. "Won't you be seeing your grandfather every day from now on?"

Evelyn sighed, getting into the car. She turned on the overhead light so she could smile into Mal's face as he came around and slid under the wheel.

"I love you, Mal," she said, pleadingly. "And this is the anniversary of the night we met. Let's not fight, darling."

"But it wasn't a year ago tonight," Mal said stonily. "It was a year ago Saturday night."

"I wanted you to come over, too—to spend the evening with all of us. We had such a nice . . . ."

"I know. A nice *family* evening."

She ran a cajoling finger along his jaw, and he smiled reluctantly. "All right, all right," he said. "But it seems to me sometimes that I come after all the Adams clan. You love me devotedly—part time."

She slid her fingers between his and the steering wheel. "Where are we going? Some place special? I'm starved."

He started the car. "Well, I made reservations at El Pollo for dinner, and I've got tickets for the play at the Biltmore."

Evelyn put her cheek against his shoulder for a brief minute. "Oh, that's lovely. Just like last year. You're sentimental."

"Pretty foolish," he replied gruff-

ly, "to be so sentimental, I mean. A man lays himself wide open when he's in love with a girl."

"Oh," Evelyn laughed, "you know that's what I like about you!"

They drove into the parking lot beside the Mexican cafe and Mal helped her out. "I even got the same table we had last year," he announced.

Evelyn nodded with delighted recollection, as he seated her, wondering if the two guitarists in the balcony weren't even playing the same music they'd played a year ago. "Everything's exactly the same. Except that there are a lot more drippings on this candle, the proprietor looks a good bit fatter, and Kat and Joe aren't . . . ."

SHE broke off quickly, hoping Mal hadn't heard, but when he sat down she saw that his eyes were resentful again.

"You wish they were, I suppose. Evelyn, can't you spend even one evening away from your precious family?"

She reached out to touch his hand, to make him look at her. "Mal," she said, holding his troubled gaze, "Mal, I promise you, you come first with me. If you really knew my family, you'd know they wouldn't . . . ."

"Well, well! Look who's here!"

Neither Evelyn nor Mal had seen the tall, bald man or the little, bustling red-haired woman until the pair stopped beside their table.

"Been wanting to meet this man!"

Mal gave them a blank stare, then glanced at Evelyn. She was returning their smiles with what appeared to be joyful warmth.

"Why, hello, Aunt Laura! Uncle Fred! How nice!"

"We won't be butting in if we sit with you, will we?" The little woman was already motioning to a waiter. "Bring a couple of chairs, will you?"

Mal had struggled to his feet; he took Aunt Laura's coat, shook Uncle Fred's hand. He didn't look at Evelyn.

"My this is a pleasant surprise," Aunt Laura kept saying. "Been wondering when we'd see you, young man!" She wagged a coy finger at Mal, and Evelyn groaned inwardly.

"Marry into the Adams family, boy, and you'll see relatives a-plenty!" Uncle Fred was saying, giving Mal a heavy wink. "Are those enchiladas any good?"

Mal nodded. "Very," he said. He sounded polite enough, but the painful color in Evelyn's cheeks deepened.

Aunt Laura kept up a steady flow of high-pitched inconsequential chatter, punctuated by Uncle Fred's heavy rumble, and Evelyn replied, smiled, nodded, as her misery increased by the minute.

When the waitress came for their dessert order, Evelyn shook her head. "We'll have ours somewhere after the show," she said quickly. "We're in a bit of a hurry; we're going to a play."

Out in the car she turned to Mal with a rueful smile. "Mal," she pleaded. "I'm sorry. Aunt Laura is—well, sort of silly, I know. We don't see them often, but they're very good-hearted . . . ."

Her voice trailed off, knowing her words sounded weak, defensive.

MAL laughed shortly. "Sure you didn't tell them we were coming? That you'd feel lonesome without some of the Adams clan along?"

She sighed, "Oh, honey, what can I do to prove to you that I'm not tied to my family? That this idea is . . . ."

"I'll tell you," Mal said suddenly, seizing her hands. "Evelyn, let's get married next week. No wedding breakfast. No reception."

Evelyn stared at him, wide-eyed. "Oh, Mal! There's no reason for us to . . . ."

"Isn't there? You said once you didn't want a big fuss. Was that just talk?"

"No! No, I meant that. But a wedding breakfast at home with just the . . . ."

The motor roared. "*Just the family!*" Mal said. He backed swiftly out of the parking lot. He gave her one bitter glance. "Just the family," he repeated scornfully. "Not even a groom, maybe. That sums it up, I guess."

Evelyn saw that he wasn't driving toward the theatre, but she didn't care. She stared straight ahead.

"It—it would hurt Mom's feelings . . . ."

"Marriage is made for two. And no more," he insisted.

Of course Mal was right. Perhaps she was too dependent on her family, but how could she hurt their feelings?

They had stopped in front of her house.

"Well," Mal said, and his voice was distant, gentle. "I guess this is goodbye, isn't it, Evie?"

All at once she was in his arms, and he was kissing her.

"No, no," she whispered, but that was all she could say.

THE house was quiet when she opened the door, although it was still early. When she tiptoed upstairs she saw there was a light under her grandfather's door, and she went by as quietly as she could to her room. As she sat by the front window, the clock downstairs struck eleven-thirty, then twelve. Still wide awake, she opened her door and saw that the light still shone from under her grandfather's door. She needed to talk with someone who would understand. Then she heard a slow step and a hesitant tap on her door.

She opened the door a crack. "Yes?" she whispered.

It was Gramps, looking very small in his too-large, shabby bathrobe. "Thought I heard you moving around. Thought maybe you'd like to come over and talk awhile before you go to sleep."

His near-sighted gaze was eager and lonesome, and she thought, involuntarily, of the long years he had been gone—how she had missed him. She followed him across the hall.

"Why don't you get into bed? I'll read to you," she said, knowing that his eyesight could no longer cope even with a newspaper headline.

"Fine!" he said. "That would be fine, dear."

"Anything in particular?"

He pointed to the Bible on his bedside table. "Anything. You choose."

She opened the book at random and began to read, her mind on Mal and her own problem. The words hardly made sense to her, but she kept her voice at a lulling, steady monotone, and in awhile the old man fell asleep. She put the book down quickly and tiptoed out, conscious that some fragment of what she had read was staying in her mind, but she pushed it back as she had the rest of her thoughts. She stood at her own window again and saw Mal walking up the front steps. She ran quickly down the stairs to meet him, before he could ring the bell, wondering why he had returned.

"Oh, honey, honey, I couldn't wait until morning," he said. "I was so afraid you would never want to see me again."

It was then that the words she had read to her grandfather came back to her, as sharply clear as if Mal himself had said them to her aloud. "*Perfect love casteth out fear.*"

"Mal," she said, "I'm not going to have a hurry-up wedding without my family there. Tonight when we were talking, I thought you were right, that I was too entangled in my family. But now I know what is wrong between us. Mal, you're the one with the part-time heart. You can't trust me when I'm away from you; you won't believe in my love. As long as you feel that way, our marriage would never succeed. We have to have faith in each other."

He clutched her arm. "Evelyn, you make your choice—it's I or your family."

She shook her head. "If you went to the other side of the world to live, I'd go with you. That's not the question; I know that now. If you're so jealous now of my family, so suspicious, it would only be someone, something else, if we went to the end of the world together."

He let go of her arm and drove away, while she stood watching him from the front door.

When she awakened, sun was streaming in the windows. She sat up and caught a glimpse of her pale face in the mirror, and the memory of the previous night clutched at her.

Was I wrong? she wondered. Just as she was starting to fasten the belt of her dress, the doorbell rang. She hardly noticed it, but the sound of the voice in the downstairs hall stopped her, her eyes widening with incredulous hope.

She ran into the hall and looked over the banister. Sure enough, Mal was talking to her mother. He hadn't seen her. She couldn't read his expression or tell anything from the tone of his voice.

". . . mind calling Evelyn?" he was asking.

"Of course. She isn't up yet, though. Why don't you come in and have some breakfast with us while you're waiting?"

Evelyn held her breath. Mal hesitated for a long second. Then: "Why, yes," he answered. "Yes, I'd like to."

Forgetting how she looked, aware of nothing but the golden miracle of the morning, Evelyn ran down the stairs.

"Mal! Mal!" she called. "Wait darling! Wait for me!"

She caught up with him at the door and they went in to join the family together.

Gardening for the Home Freezer

C. W. McCullough

To enjoy a garden, put on a wide hat and gloves, hold a little trowel in one hand, and tell the man where to dig.

THE above plan has a legion of devotees, but this article is not dedicated to those who practice their backyard agriculture vicariously. Rather it is directed to those who prefer the fruits of their own labors; those who find the spring catalogue of the seedsmen the most fascinating document in print; those who react instinctively to the challenge of a freshly plowed or spaded plot of ground.

Home gardening, probably almost as old as man, has experienced the greatest uplift in its history during the last few years with the discovery of the means of preserving foodstuffs by quick freezing. When man perfected this new means of putting Jack Frost to work, more was accomplished than just to introduce an ingenious kitchen appliance. Barriers to the seasons were broken down, barriers between the menus of the frigid, temperate, and tropical zones—and in our little backyard gardens—the barriers between surplus wastes and economic usage. The home freezer has given "the man with the hoe" a new incentive and value.

Thanks to the home freezer, the products of a garden that could be enjoyed only for a brief season, can now be prisoned in an icy package and kept practically garden fresh throughout the year.

No attempt will be made to cover the entire field of desirable regional practices or the pitfalls of either gardening or home freezing. These are widely discussed in seed catalogues, government bulletins, and magazine articles that you probably have in your home. Others are available at your library or through contact with your county agent, your state agricultural college, or state department of agriculture and home economics.

A garden should be carefully planned, not only to insure the planting of varieties that do well in your particular climate and altitude, but of equal importance, to insure that what you raise will find a ready market on your table. A great mistake of tyro-gardeners is the growing of vegetables the family do not care for. Consider the turnip! If turnips carry a low popularity rating with your family, plant them sparingly, or better, not at all. Use the space for crops the youngsters like, and, if you must, get your turnips downtown at lunch.

Another mistake is over planting, the temptation to use up that package of seed. If your garden must be laid out in long rows, it is often wise to divide these rows in half with stakes, and limit plantings of a variety to a half row.

IN planning a garden for freezing the products, one must give first place to those that freeze well and are old standbys: corn, peas, beans, beets, carrots. Then you can make your choice from a long list that in-

cludes cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, spinach, squash, melons, and asparagus, guided by family tastes, the amount of ground available, and climatic limitations. To round out your garden patch, some space should be allotted to small fruits, strawberries, and raspberries.

Here are a few general suggestions:

SPINACH and BROCCOLI: keep plantings small and follow with later plantings, ten days to two weeks apart.

CORN: If your season is long enough for early and late varieties, plant each in blocks of several short rows rather than one long row. You will get better pollination and better filled ears. Ear worms can be controlled by dusting with an approved insecticide or dabbing on crank case drainings as soon as the silks appear.

PEAS: The larger varieties, such as Stratagem, Dwarf Telephone, or Giant Stride yield heavier and are easier to pick and shell.

CABBAGE and CAULIFLOWER: Buy the plants for these! Dust with a powdered insecticide several times during the growing season to outwit the bugs. After cauliflower heads have formed, tie up leaves around heads to prevent sunburn.

STRAWBERRIES: The everbearing varieties are best for the home gardener. They provide fruit all summer and well into the fall. The Centennial is recommended. Plant in rows eighteen inches apart, spacing plants a foot apart. After three or four years of bearing, dig up a third of the patch and replant with young runners. Repeat this every year, and you will have young plants always coming on. Everbearing strawberries tend to bear heavily and then go into short rest periods, followed by new bearings. These bearing and rest periods vary with ages of plants, so by staggering the ages of your patch you will always have berries for table use. Keep well watered, and if berries become small, scatter a good commercial fertilizer along the rows and wet down with lawn spray. For regular irrigations, row waterings are best.

RASPBERRIES: Here again, the everbearing varieties are recommended. Raspberries require plenty of elbow room; three to four feet between rows and at least two feet between plants. Single plants fill up unused corners attractively. If heavy snows tend to break down canes, drive stakes into ground in the fall and tie up plants. Remember that the canes that grow this year bear the berries next year.

WEEDS: If treated right they are the gardeners best friends. A well-weeded patch is necessarily a well cultivated one. Get after weeds early before they get the upper hand and stunt the growth of the things you've planted.

Time for Freezing

One of the delights of growing a garden is that many varieties mature quickly. The dividends accrue rapidly both in terms of table use and largess for the freezer. Nearly all garden products can be frozen satisfactorily; the exceptions being onions, lettuce, and other salad greens, radishes, and tomatoes. With your own garden close at hand, you can pick, pack, and freeze each product at the peak of its goodness and thus retain vitamin and flavor richness.

Freezing is one of the simplest and least time-consuming ways to preserve foods at home. A complete guide of the preferred methods of preparing, packing, and cooking all types of foodstuffs suitable for freezing is to be found in Home and Garden Bulletin No. 10, *Home Freezing of Fruits and Vegetables*, published by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. It will be mailed to you for fifteen

cents. More detailed directions may be found in *Your Home Freezer*, by Ann Seranne (Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, $3.75) and *The Complete Book of Home Freezing*, by Hazel Meyer (J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, $4.95).

One general rule should be remembered. *Nothing but the best is worthy of freezer space.* What you put into your locker, if properly handled and protected, can be preserved in the same good, fresh condition in which you freeze it—*but it will not be improved.* It is extremely important to be sharply critical of the fruits and vegetables you select for freezing. Discard everything with bruised or overripe spots, as well as the underripe that have not reached their full peak of flavor.

Preparation for Deep Freeze

Everyone who uses a deep freeze for any length of time picks up many ideas and practices that are not always found in the books. Here are a few gathered here and there that may contribute to a fuller and more varied use of your freezer:

Vegetables, being pre-cooked before freezing, need less time for cooking than fresh ones. Cook just long enough to tenderize and thus preserve vitamins, bright color, and fresh flavor. Vegetables should be cooked at once after thawing, starting while they are still partially frozen.

Corn is best cut from the cob after blanching. For winter gourmets a few whole ears may well be frozen. For this, choose choice ears and leave the husks on. *Do not cook or otherwise wrap before freezing.* This insures a firm cob and no cobby taste after cooking.

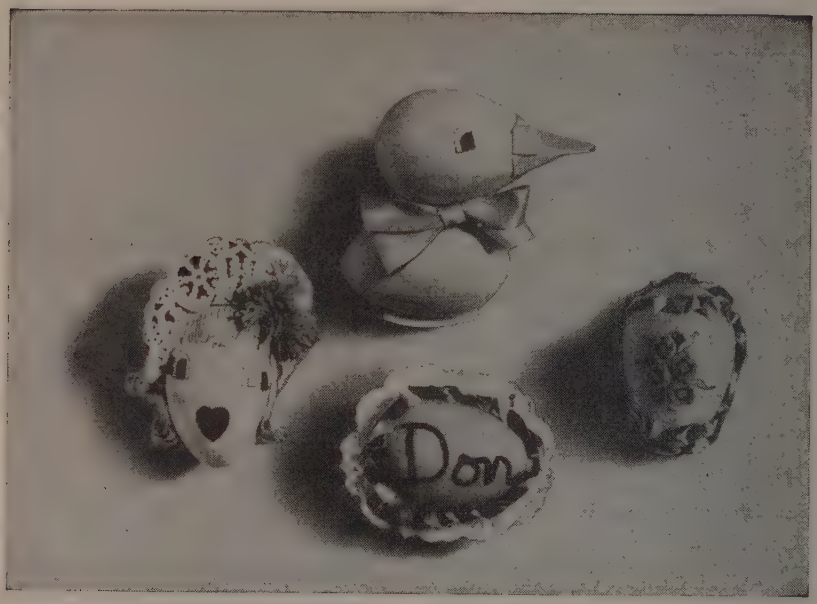
Snap beans are usually cut or broken into short pieces. For variety, try freezing a few packages of the whole beans. These are particularly nice for salads and can be substituted for asparagus either as a base or for top garnishment.

Cantaloupes and *watermelons* when frozen provide another tasty salad ingredient. Cut choice ripe meat into balls or cubes and pack in a container.

For the thrill of perfect "fresh" *peaches* or *apricots* in the wintertime, try putting a few choice ones in the freezer *whole and unwrapped.* Allow an hour at room temperature for peaches to thaw. a half hour for apricots. Peel and slice just before serving. Dieters who cannot eat sugared fruits will find these a delectable addition to their menus.

Fruits, such as peaches, apricots, and pears, tend to turn brown when frozen. This can be prevented by adding one half teaspoon of ascorbic acid to each quart of the sugar syrup used in packing them.

All fruits should be served as soon as thawed. A few ice crystals in the fruit improve the texture for eating raw. Allow six to eight hours for thawing a one-pound syrup packed package in the refrigerator; two to four hours at room temperature; one-half to an hour in a pan of cold water. Fruits packed in dry sugar thaw somewhat faster. A little experimenting will give you the proper time intervals of your type of container between freezer and serving.



New Designs for Easter Eggs

Courtesy Dennison Manufacturing Company

Here is a basketful of ideas to help you design the many eggs to fill some lucky youngster's Easter basket. The simplest of materials are used to create these amusing art studies in egg form!

Starting with the basic form—the egg—we suggest that you buy a dozen china ones, the type farmers use to set an example for their negligent flock. These are sturdier than their genuine brothers and will keep indefinitely. Of course, if you prefer, you may use real ones, either hard boil or blow each egg before decorating it. Eggs may either be dyed with any pure food dye or covered with pastel crepe paper. In addition to material used for coloring eggs, you will need bits of colored crepe paper, paper lace, doilies, paste, scraps of mat stock, ribbons, tiny gummed dots and hearts.

To make these masterpieces proceed as follows:

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Step 1—Color eggs—dye them, following the directions on the dye package, or wind them with ½ inch wide strips of crepe paper cut across the grain, pasting strips frequently as you wind so they will stay in place.

1. CYNTHIA: Here's a charming little lady all done on an egg! Wrap the egg first with pink crepe paper (or use a pink dye) to give her a lovely glowing complexion. Her dashing hairdo is made from narrow strips of yellow crepe paper curled around a knitting needle on the ends. Her mouth is a gummed heart—her eyes light blue and white crepe paper, with curling black eyelashes. A paper lace doily makes a fetching hat, especially when dashingly decorated with a pompon of slashed light blue crepe paper.

2. PERSONALITY EGG: Use the favorite colors of the recipient for this egg, a nice pastel one for the background, with two contrasting colors teaming up to make the two-strand braid. The name is written with a ½ inch wide strand of a deeper shade, twisted to make a fine cord. Trace name on egg first. Apply paste over written name with a toothpick to hold twist in place. Trim edges from a paper doily, paste in place, allowing it to flare slightly. Paste braid over inside edge of doily.

3. FLOWERS IN A FRAME: Cover the egg with orchid-colored crepe paper and decorate it with a braid of pink and deep rose crepe paper. Make rosebuds by cutting two-inch wide strips of crepe paper across the grain in several shades (light pink, dark pink, red, yellow). Unfold a strip and wind it on itself to make a tiny roll about ⅛ inch thick, then cut off remaining length of crepe strip and paste another color to the roll. Roll this second strip around first roll to make a ¼ inch thick strip. Repeat process with third color to make a three-colored rose. Paste end of last strip down to roll, and paste "rosebuds" on egg, using a few leaves cut from green paper to complete the bouquet.

4. QUIGLEY THE QUACK: Wrap two eggs with canary yellow crepe paper. Cut two bill patterns from mat stock and cover with amber crepe paper. Paste to narrow end of one egg. Cut eyes from colored writing paper (blue), and for the center of the eye, cut a small square of black paper. Paste eyes on sides of egg. Paste the "egg head" on top of another paper-covered egg towards the wide end. Wind around the neck a strip of yellow crepe paper tie ribbon and make a bow. Then paste the completed Quigley to mat stock covered with amber crepe paper.

Directions for Gardening

Maude Rubin

One principle of landscaping,
As all good gardeners know,
Is planting taller plants in back
In front plant something low.

For the back, I chose chrysanthemums
You know how tall they grow—
In front, placed English daisies
As something sweet and low.

I watered them; I studied books
On gardening in all phases.
My daisy flowers are big as mums—
My mums look just like daisies!

First Bloom

Sudie Stuart Hager

In springtime every woman knows
(No man could ever guess)
The way a half-grown peach tree feels
In her first pink party dress!

Desert Flowers

Vesta N. Lukei

The brief
Bright jewels of spring
Are spilled in amethyst,
And topaz drifts across the gold
Of sand.

MRS. ROSE PASKETT THOMPSON AND SOME OF HER BEAUTIFUL HANDWORK

Handwork Hobbies Bring Happiness

Rose Paskett Cooke Thompson, Corinne, Utah, has made hundreds of rugs, doilies, tablecloths, and decorative items.

Mrs. Thompson, sixty-two, has made about five hundred braided rugs, six hundred pieces of miscellaneous crocheting, crocheted edges on more than one hundred fifty handkerchiefs. She has given away about four hundred pieces of crocheted work, and her crocheting has been exhibited in twelve states. She also makes exquisite artificial flowers. She has another hobby of raising outdoor flowers, specializing in iris, of which she has about two hundred varieties, and roses of seventy-five varieties.

Her Church work has included many years of service in the Primary Association, including four years as ward president; teaching in Sunday School; and visiting teacher and theology class leader in Relief Society. She has thirty grandchildren (including step-grandchildren) and four great-grandchildren.

Participation in Relief Society Can Help Achieve True Happiness

Edith Kaneko

THE greatest happiness is created through service—service to our fellowmen and to God. Happiness comes from within. It is the result of satisfying the soul. We have a responsibility to be happy, not alone because of its effect upon us, but because of its effect upon others. By living the commandments of God and giving of our time and service to others, we may forget our difficulties and also spread happiness to others.

In regard to this, I asked our ward Relief Society President, Pearl Fillmore, what the Relief Society has done for her. Was it just a lot of hard work, or just what did it mean to her?

She told me, "Yes, there is a lot of hard work—hours and hours of it: but the joy I've received from seeing the happiness that has come to others through my efforts has repaid me many fold. Also, coming to Relief Society meetings and associating with the sisters has helped to take my mind off our trials and tribulations."

I should like to relate my personal experience, because in it I can best explain how true happiness was passed on to me through an act of kindness by two of the Relief Society sisters of my ward, an act that may have seemed trivial to them.

I was born and reared in Tremonton, Utah, and my husband was born in Salt Lake City, but spent most of his life in Gunnison, Utah. One of his high school teachers was Brother Payton Alexander, and his Seminary teacher was Brother LeRoy Whitehead.

After our marriage we decided to strike a happy medium and settle in Spanish Fork, which is about halfway between our former homes. That was in 1941, when war clouds were hanging heavily over us, and I often wondered how the people of Spanish Fork would react to our coming, since there were strained feelings between the people of the land of my ancestors and the people of this, our beloved country. Would they accept us, and if they did, to whom could we look for companionship?

Such questions ran through my mind constantly as we worked at making a home for us and our little boy, who was just one year old at the time. As if in answer to a prayer, one day in the autumn of that year, two Relief Society visiting teachers came and invited me out to Relief Society. Sister Ann Nelson and Sister Fanny Vincent have probably forgotten this little incident, but I have not, because the visit they made to me opened up a way towards a greater and brighter life. Little do they realize how much they have contributed toward making my life what it is today. They were so friendly and so sincere that I had a strong desire to attend their meeting.

However, I was just a little hesitant, so I asked my husband how

he felt about it. He told me that since I was invited, I should go. So two or three weeks later I attended my first Relief Society meeting, still a bit doubtful. But all my doubts and fears left me when I entered the meetinghouse and went into the Relief Society room. Never before had I been in a place where friendliness prevailed in such rich abundance. I could feel that the spirit of the Lord was there, although I knew nothing about the Church at that time.

NEVER will I forget the warm welcome extended to me by Sister Ida Anderson, who was the president at that time. I shall never forget her kind personality and the sweet smile with which she quickly put me at ease. I did not have the privilege of knowing her very long, as she passed away a short time later. I went home from Relief Society that day with a feeling of satisfaction that there are friends, if we look in the right places for them, and I had a stronger desire than ever to go back again.

It wasn't very long until they asked me if I would like to become a member, and this was a great surprise to me, as I thought that only those who belonged to the Church were allowed that privilege. As time went on, I became more and more acquainted with the activities of the Relief Society and of the Church in general.

A short time later I was asked to join the Singing Mothers, and no one can realize the joy I experienced from my participation in that work, because I love music, and up to that time had had very little opportunity to satisfy my desire to sing.

As time went on, I was getting to the point that I thought that I had attained the height of happiness, but, on second thought, I realized that I had not, and I would never attain that goal, because I was not a member of the Church, and for that reason my services to the Church were very limited.

I began taking my little boy to Sunday School, because I felt that it was my duty to see that his religious training began at an early age, more so because it had been neglected in mine. I believe it was during these moments that my desire to join the Church grew stronger than ever. I often hoped and prayed that some day I would be able to serve the Church and the Lord in the same capacity as all my friends were doing.

Years slipped by, with this desire growing stronger and stronger. Our boy, David, was nearing the age of eight, and it was my fervent wish as well as my husband's, to see him baptized into the Church at this age so that he could take advantage of the spiritual opportunities which the Church offered these young children.

Then I thought how wonderful it would be if his parents could join him, and the three go down into the waters of baptism together. But I could see that my husband was not ready for this yet, and I did not want to be baptized unless he was with me, because in these few years I had learned that a man and wife must be together, for neither can attain exaltation without the other. It was my earnest prayer that some

day he would see the light as I had already done and accept the gospel.

DAVID'S eighth birthday came and went, and we did nothing, and by the time he was eight and one half I began to wonder if my hopes were in vain, but I wouldn't give up, because something told me that everything would turn out all right. Then about two months before David's ninth birthday, when I asked my husband what he thought about it, he said, "If that is what you want, then that is what I want. I, too, am ready."

The following day—the day of our confirmation—it all seemed like a dream that we were actually partaking of the sacrament, and as we took it we felt the presence of the spirit of the Lord as we had never felt it before. Until this day we had been merely existing. From that day on, we really began to live. Now we are able to participate in all activities of the Church just like the other members, and thus our service to the Lord is not limited.

But we realized the height of happiness had not yet been reached at this point. We learned that in order to have this joy in the world to come, we must go to the house of the Lord and be sealed to each other. Meanwhile Duane and Paul had joined our family, so two years after the baptism, the five of us went to the Salt Lake temple and were sealed to each other for time and for all eternity, and now we have little Diane, born under the true and everlasting covenant. We have found true joy. I need ask for no more. All this spiritual wealth was brought to us through the little service rendered by the two Relief Society sisters.

Tulips in the Wind

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Bending forward in a gale, they seem
To all be going somewhere far away,
But, in the changing evening wind, they turn
And seem to hurry back while it is day.

Morning finds them standing straight and tall,
A garden study in tranquility.
Undaunted by the wind and lingering frost,
They raise their regal heads triumphantly.

It Must Be Spring

Hilda V. Cameron

It must be spring,
For my honeysuckle vine
Is splotched with pastel beauty
Like a lovely valentine.
And at dawn this morning
I heard a robin sing;
Though chilly winds torment me,
I know it must be spring.

Sunshine and Rain

Ruth K. Kent

It takes a lot of clouds
To make it rain all day;
It takes a lot of sun
To drive the clouds away;
It takes a lot of frowns
To make a child look sad,
But only one big smile
To make a child feel glad.

"Within Our Reach"

Donna Day

THE boy, emerging from the flow of sleep, lay quietly in his bed on the back porch. With intense loneliness, he contemplated the tremendous and moving quietness of awakening. Could one awaken and continue dreaming? The slow consciousness of his surroundings took shape out of shadow. That first light brought the sudden realization that tomorrow they would go to the crater. No, not tomorrow. *Today!* Lifting himself abruptly, he started to climb out of bed. There were so many wonderful things to see and think about.

Suddenly his mother stood in the kitchen doorway looking upward. Out of the glowing east, spears of sunlight illuminated her face and put a glitter in her pale hair. She shook out her apron as if it were sun crumbs she was scattering.

Quickly the boy was out of bed to inquire fervently if his mother remembered the promised visit to the crater.

Could she forget when a pair of wide, inquiring eyes looked at her?

The boy dressed quickly in the circle of the warmth made by the kitchen range. The bacon sputtered and the eggs bounced in the bubbling water.

After breakfast he carried their lunch to the car. When, at last, he was in the car, he could not sit still. His heart knew a strange soaring. He had waited all summer for this trip to the crater. Adventure lay down the long, straight autumn road.

The wheels of the car stirred and rattled the brown leaves, and they scattered down the road behind them as noisily as rustlers on a midnight ride. A sagebrush plain appeared as the road ran level and unbroken to the base of the distant mountain. Then the land swept upward to the lift of the crater's shoulder. The crater was not as big as the boy had anticipated.

The mother parked the car at the base of the mountain, and the two started the climb up the steep side. It was a desolate slope, warm and dusty. Coarse cinder ash sucked at their feet. The pea-sized lava fragments were pierced by scrub brush and rough salt grasses.

Their breath came in short gasps, with the sensation that the world was slipping back while they were standing still. But, at last, they reached the first level, where an old road wound around through the red and gray rocks. The boy and his mother sat down to rest. It was changed air they breathed, ancient and aromatic.

Shortly the boy stood up and studied the magic-shaped cone that towered above them. The crest seemed to have risen a little toward the sky like an elevated, dancing platform. The boy gazed up with an awe that is only for those who are young. The whole marvelous mystery of creation came rushing down to meet him, and then, he

was off up the old road that curved around toward the heart of the crater.

The mother rose and followed, humbly, the golden and jubilant life of childhood.

A few minutes more and the winding road on the crater's flank ended. Then, gully by gully, fold by fold, over the fire-red rock they advanced, pathless, toward the top. The ancient volcanic stream spilled down the sides in rude, limitless convolutions. Their feet crunched and slipped, the sliding rocks flung handfuls of lost echoes down through the ragged crater edges. Light from above, refracted, stung their eyes, and flooded the jutting rocks with a thousand colors.

They finally stood on the top, on the edge of the highest cone, and surveyed the gaping chasm below. Two smaller craters overlapped the western side.

The boy flung himself on his stomach, staring transfixed, his mouth open a little, his tousled head tilted on one side. His hazel eyes, lost in wonder, were never still. A dye made of sunshine and afternoon stirred his hair to creamed gold and coppered his skin.

Those were moments of breathless silence while the crater yielded up its peculiar, savage kind of beauty that whipped and sharpened the imagination. Then the mother heard the boy's fast, indrawn breath. The boy was regarding the scene with both curiosity and consternation. His eyes were squinting, now, with intensity of purpose, his wide forehead puckered. His mother knew he had started that momentous journey from which no child returns the same.

She lay down beside the boy on the hard flowing rock. The top of the crater lay baking in the fire of the October sun. She could feel her skin broiling a little in the heat. It was not an invisible thing. She could see the heat dancing and waving like a veil. But the heat was as nothing, for the mother sat with her son in a magnificent frame, surrounded by the silent beginning, and received into the enduring past. Centuries and centuries of time pressed against them, each distorted convolution of cold lava became a chapter of history compiled through the ages. Eons of rain and wind had beaten and chiseled the crater. The fiery birth of creation lay sleeping all about them. The desolate and violent country was part of their homeland and their heritage, stretching from the base of the cones to the dark lines of mountains on the horizon. Cloud shadows passed above the timeless wilderness, followed by sunlight that crept across the land.

THE boy and his mother watched quietly for a long time and knew the communion of silence, which was the strong binder of their affection. Finally, the boy stood up with restlessness, stretched himself with one sharp movement. Then he opened his arms wide, taking in all the crater, the whole earth, the everlasting heavens, in a great embrace. His face was pleased, warm. For a moment the face turned toward the mother was the face of a young child before a lighted Christmas tree. His mother reached up

and took his hand in hers. He playfully tugged her to her feet.

Across a lazy spot where salt grass and rabbit brush crowded each other in the shallow soil, then down into the wide mouth, they threaded their way. Down scaly outcroppings the boy picked a path, with his mother's slender shadow behind, down steps cut in the immemorial past. It was a wonderful thing to go plunging down, digging heels in, the sensation of falling, yet not falling, stiffening the knees and digging the heels in, the sheer joy of descent.

Time had tamed the giant volcano with its spectacular eruptions. Strange shapes, which marked its death agonies, crowded the wide pit. Against the blue steep of the sky, terrifying crags overhung the rim; the black angular rocks, sheared and smoky, clung about the walls. Stealing through a gap between two towering stones, the mother and the boy entered the crater, shadowed from the afternoon glow by the southern pinnacles. Concealed in the mottled shadow, they mounted a dais of weird, grotesque stones and climbed the precipices with their eyes, up and up to the gaping hole cut by the ancient lava flow.

It was like standing in a great amphitheater with a ragged hole in its side, tremendous, dark, leached by a thousand storms, brimming with reflected lights. The fragile, transparent blue of the sky deepened above until the color could reach no further intensity. It broke off suddenly into a bank of clouds. To the mother, it was like being alone in the vast universe, but to the boy, it was part of the eternal earth, something he had always known, like the slow awakening on an autumn morning.

It was one of the perfect days of life snatched from the confusion of living, a day of pleasure that nothing could corrode, nor time remove, a part of the precious heritage of childhood—and of motherhood.

The hour, the height and depth . . . everything had sharpened their appetites. They would be famished by the time they reached the car.

The mother watched the boy for a moment longer, then she slowly followed him up, up toward the slanting light.

After Long Years

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

After long years of questing to and fro,
This homely kitchen is a restful place;
The smell of burning pine, the rudy glow
Of firelight upon each loved one's face . . . .
Let me find anchor here and end my quest
In this old house that memory has blessed.

TV Viewers—Down in Front

Eloise Strinz

THE problem of keeping the youngest member of our family seated during a television program, arrived with the new set. The youngest was given the place of honor on the ottoman, front row center aisle. Being a wiggler from way back, he wouldn't stay put. With his head in front of the screen, we viewed the back of his neck.

Young children have an excellent close range vision. This accounts for their desire to sit close to a viewing screen. However, their interest is too short-lived to retain one position long. Since their boundless energy must be considered, miniature seats are out.

The preservation of our family television unity cost only $2.76—and a little sewing time. I made a slipcover for the crib mattress our baby had outgrown. For the benefit of mothers who must use the crib for the next in line, a second-hand crib pad, sterilized, can be obtained for a few dollars.

With four and one-fourth yards of thirty-six inch denim, at fifty-nine cents a yard, a packet of snap fasteners costing twenty-five cents, I had everything I needed to work with. Denim may be obtained in plain colors or in designs of floral pattern and plaids.

A standard crib mattress measures fifty-six by thirty inches, and is four inches deep. Cut the top and bottom covering first. Allow five extra inches on the top cover. This will be used as a flap at the open end.

On the remaining material, mark strips four and one-fourth inches wide. Nip and tear in strips. Sew the strips together. Twice the length and once the width will be used for the sides of the cover. The remainder of the strip will be used for a ruffle.

Roll hem on one side of the strip, to be used for the ruffle. On the raw side of the strip, measure every three inches and pleat one inch of material with a basting stitch.

For the top covering, hem one end with a one-inch fold. Roll hem either side for a depth of five inches. Attach the ruffle with the design facing the design of the top cover. Pin the siding strip, its design turned away from you, on top of the ruffle. Sew the width of the cover, starting at the end of the rolled hem. This pleating, or ruffle, encircles the top cover. While working on the bottom cover, the material is turned wrong side out. Do not attach fasteners until the slip cover is finished. Then mark carefully as this assures a better fit.

The mat, with its slip cover, resembles a well-tailored pillow. It can be tucked away in a closet when not in use. Don't be surprised if the older children find it comfortable to lounge on. Of course, the legal owner will have something to say about this.

No longer is it necessary to tap our youngest on the shoulder during a program and say, "Pardon me, but your head is showing."

Apprehension

Alice Whitson Norton

The gentle voice of springtime called,
"Come walk with me"—
But I denied the urgent voice,
Lest I might see
Along a path I'd marked with gloom
A crocus border in full bloom.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 7

Alice Morrey Bailey

Synopsis: Steven Thorpe, a widower with three small children, is in love with Margaret Crain, a registered nurse who has taken care of his baby during an attack of pneumonia. However, Margaret is engaged to Dr. Rex Harmon, and, as the time for her marriage approaches, Steven feels that he has little chance of winning her. In the meantime he has become unwillingly involved in a romance with Miss Tate, his secretary at the Pikes Peak Machinery Company. Margaret's mother, a widow, who is temporarily acting as Steven's housekeeper, tells him that she thinks he should declare his love for Margaret even though she is about to become the wife of Dr. Harmon. Accordingly, he seeks an opportunity and tells Margaret that he loves her.

"I love you, Margaret," Steve repeated. His words were a pebble dropped into a pool of silence; her reaction to them like widening rings of light—the deep look of joy, the swift glad lift of her eyes, the radiance in her face, which brought Steve to his feet, his heart pounding mightily. Suddenly he was around the desk, and she was in his arms. Kissing her was a lost interval in time and space. Its moment, brief or long, was part of infinity, part of eternity. She was the first to pull away.

"Steve! Steve, it's no use."

"Margaret! I love you so much. Look at me, darling."

"I can't," she said. "I'm on duty. I'm engaged to Dr. Harmon."

Steve released her and stepped back. "I know that. I've thought of nothing else for weeks. Believe me, Margaret, I'd have come before if I'd thought I had either a right or a chance. You've drawn me like a magnet since the very first. I felt you were my own, made for me. I was sure long ago, but there was Dr. Harmon. There were my children. It seemed unfair to ask you to share such responsibility."

"I'm trained to responsibility, Steve," said Margaret. "Besides I love the children—Davey, Ilene, and little Phyllis. I could take them for my own. In spite of me, I did take them for my own. I found myself planning for them as they grew. I couldn't sleep, sometimes, thinking of them, feeling I was running out on them. That was why I shut myself off from them."

"And their father?" prompted Steve. "Were you a little drawn to him?"

"Please, Steve," she said, lifting miserable eyes to his. "I have felt guilty enough about that. I didn't tell Rex, but I tried to make it up to him."

Steve's heart leaped. A million questions pressed his tongue. He leaned across the desk to her.

"You don't love him. You love me!"

"What are you saying? He's a wonderful man, and a genius in his field."

"That is not love," Steve began, and the telephone rang.

It was the dreaded interruption, an emergency. Before his eyes Margaret was transformed from an appealingly uncertain woman—all woman—to an alert nurse, full of authority and decision; from the

circle of his arms, from being his own a moment ago, she receded from him rapidly, becoming remote in the urgency of her work. From this distance she spoke to him with finality.

"Steve, this is madness. The invitations are out—some gifts have already arrived. Dr. Hanson and his wife have loaned us their beautiful home for the reception. Everything is arranged. Of course I shall marry Dr. Harmon," she said, and disappeared swiftly down the hall on her soundless nurse's shoes.

STEVE left the hospital with mixed feelings. Her answer had cut him sharply, left no opening, no possibility of continuance. His hope of changing it was balked by sheer lack of time, but the remembrance of her quick look of joy, her radiance, her tacit admission that she was emotionally drawn to him were warm knowledge. And that kiss! If she could deny that, she was less of a woman than he thought.

It was knowledge and memory that turned inevitably to pain, however, as the days followed. It was part of all the beauty he wanted to share with her, and could not, of the flowers that were on every hand, the flowers which were the usual messengers of a man's love for a girl, which he could not send —lilacs, violets, roses coming to bud on the trellises in the May sunshine. There were other messengers—books, candy, letters. She had his message, straight and hard, and bare of embellishments. Bombarding her with pleadings now might be only an annoyance to her during the days which should be those of happy anticipation. They could, granting he were persistent enough, harry her into a confused and forced decision. Much as Steve wanted her, he told himself, he could bear no half measures. Certainly the next move was hers.

The week was a nightmare. Part of Steve worked furiously on the job, went through the motions at home, smiled at the correct time, said the right words, made the right moves. Part of him stood back and watched almost impersonally the holocaust seething within him. He must again assume his old responsibility for the little ones, which lately had been left mostly to Mrs. Crain. Eventually they would fill his time and his thoughts, and neither would be a loss, for, along with the worry over them and the compounded fears he had for them, they were a constant delight, a source of perpetual amazement to him, as well as heart-tugging pathos, as when they talked of their mother.

"Did my real mama die?" Davey asked one day.

"She went away," Steve said.

"Did she go to heaven?"

"Yes, Davey. She's waiting there for us. Some day we'll go to her."

"Ilene go to heaven Saturday," Ilene put in brightly. Everything in the past was to her "last morning," and everything in the future was "Saturday." "Ilene go Saturday. See Ilene's mama. Bring her home again." She laughed and shook her curls in gamin delight, and Phyllis laughed, too, clapping her hands and wrinkling her small nose.

"Saturday I'll take you all to the circus," Steve promised, to

(*Continued on page 275*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Laura M. Wilkin

OQUIRRH STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR THE OFFICERS MEETING OF RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL CONFERENCE, September 30, 1953

Front row, left to right: Verena Waldron, First Counselor; Laura M. Wilkin, President; Elmina Toone, Second Counselor; Coy Manning, chorister.

At right end of second row, in dark dress, Ireta Arave, organist.

This group, which presented the music for the opening session of the Relief Society General Conference, September 30, 1953, also presented in Oquirrh Stake last spring the Easter cantata "Resurrection Morning," by B. Cecil Gates and Ida R. Alldredge. Sister Marianne C. Sharp of the general presidency of Relief Society was guest speaker. A special scriptural reading was given by Pearl Apostle. Special solo and trio numbers of the cantata were given by Ward Coon, Ivor Pickering, Shirley J. Duke, Betty Lou Jones, and Alice Gourley; Betty Heath, Helen Jeppson, Florence Cockerill, and Jeane Smith. Pianist was Billie C. Andreason. This same group has sung for stake conferences and other special meetings sponsored by the Church and the community recently.

Photograph submitted by Esther Miller

MARICOPA STAKE (ARIZONA) FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Seated, left to right: Vida Brinton (1945-1952); Fanna Dana (1909-1913).

Standing, left to right: Mary Davis (1938-39); Clara Goodman (1939-1943); Eleanor Shupe (1932-1938); Irene Brown (1943-1945).

Not in the photograph is Mary Clark, deceased, who served from 1913 to 1932.

Esther Miller is the new president of Maricopa Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Claire B. Jones

CEDAR STAKE (UTAH), CEDAR FIFTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS HONORED FOR FIVE YEARS OF ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING

Front row, seated, left to right: Viola Bauer; Vera Nelson; Arvilla Adams; Belle Jones; Lauretta Perry, stake Secretary; Verona Mosdell; Ardella Ford, First Counselor; Lillian Randall, President; Lamona Langford, Second Counselor; Rena Lawrence; Thelma Melling; Nell Heywood; Maude Robinson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Leah Bess; Henrietta Leigh; Genevieve Melling; Harriet Hunter; Beth Ence; Astella Cason; Rose Lawrence; Olive Knell; Lottie Bladen; Mary P. Bauer; Theressa Peterson; Alice Matheson; Carol Draper; Caroline Jordan; Loie Jean Murray; Nina Mulliner.

Claire B. Jones is president of Cedar Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Edith Anderson

WEISER STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, December 29, 1593

Front row, seated, left to right: stake board members, beginning second from the left: Second Counselor Lucille Chandler; President Della W. Alder; First Counselor Dorothy Zaugg; literature leader Hazel Closner; *Magazine* representative Amy R. Williams.

Edith Anderson, stake Secretary, reports: "We hold a convention each year. We stress the true spirit of visiting teaching and twelve visits each year to each Latter-day Saint family. We honor those teachers who achieve 100 per cent visiting teaching. Some of our teachers have been so honored for nine consecutive years. One hundred thirteen visiting teachers out of 187 in the stake were honored this year for 100 per cent records. Only part of the teachers are represented in this photograph."

Photograph submitted by Amelia H. Robertson

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), POWELL WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS SINCE 1934

Front row, seated, left to right: Mary Helen Giles; Ethel Winkelman; Louise Hawley; Ruth Hecht.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vada Tirrell; Zona Roper; LeNore Lewis; Irene Safford; Elizabeth Bunn.

Amelia H. Robertson is president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Luella W. Walker

SOUTH SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, September 13, 1953

Standing at extreme right: Edna B. Taylor, stake chorister.
Standing at left of the piano: True R. Field, organist.
Luella W. Walker is president of South Summit Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lyle J. Coombs

FRESNO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) WARD AND BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS, January 1954

Front row, left to right: DeLoris Carruth, President, Fresno Second Ward Relief Society; Zella L. Sheley, President, Tulare Branch Relief Society; Marguerite Mangine, President, Exeter Branch; Thelma Little, President, Hanford Branch; Corine Watson, President, Merced Ward; Emerald Mentzel, President, Dinuba Branch.

Back row, left to right: Virginia Castillo, Secretary, West Fresno Branch; Ina Clay, President, Chowchilla Ward; Ethyl Buttcane, First Counselor, Coalinga Branch; Sarah C. Thomas, President, Avenal Branch; Barbara Works, President, Fresno First Ward; Golda Henderson, President, Visalia Ward; Naomi McEwen, President, Los Banos Branch.

Ascencion Carillo, President, West Fresno Branch, and Eva Winsett, President, Coalinga Branch, were absent on account of illness when this photograph was taken.

Lyle J. Coombs, President, Fresno Stake Relief Society, reports: "All of the officers were very modest when we asked for pictures for the *Magazine*, but we felt that they all should have recognition for what they have done. As a group, they are responsible for the Fresno Stake showing improvement all along the line, as shown by our annual report."

Photograph submitted by Grace C. Crandall

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE EIGHTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING RECORD FOR SIX YEARS SINCE ORGANIZATION

Officers and Visiting Teachers, front row, seated, left to right, members of the presidencies who have served during the past six years: Minerva Jessee; Helen Robbins; Hazel Harrison; Floss Phillips; Margaret Huntington; Ethlyn Eddington; Ina Otteson.

Second row, standing, left to right: Emily Crandall, who recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday; Ellen Erdman; Chloe Fox; Ileen Jensen; Mamie Curtis; Carrie Rawle; Stella Harmer; Mildred Graham.

Third row, standing, left to right: Mary Frandsen; Floss Taylor; Lillian Crandall; Florence Simkins; Anabelle Llewellyn; Naomi Johnson; Ella Curtis; Edna Smart; Camilla Judd; Preal York; Bessie Brammel; Norma Strong; Nellie Anderson; Easter Harmer; Rowena Rigtrip.

Grace C. Crandall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vinetta R. Simpson

WEBER STAKE (UTAH) ELEVENTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Rhoda Mumford; Leela Ferrin; Ellen Weaver, Secretary-Treasurer; Lillie Belnap, Second Counselor; Pearl Dransfield, President; Maude K. Smith, First Counselor; Annie Hiatt, oldest member, ninety years old.

Second row, seated, left to right: Hannah B. Evans; Frances Owens; Lelia Wright; Janie Ophenkins; Jennie Bragonjie; Vinetta Simpson; Millie Garff; Priscilla Sneddon.

Third row, seated, left to right: May Hansen; Eva Bothwell; Anna Boyle; Rhoda Wilker; Muriel Saxton; Annie Terry; Dora B. Peterson; Sadie Masters; Edna Hunt; Alice Kihlstrom.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Eva Galbraith; Ione Toller; Marjean Nasfel; Isa Law; Dorothy Grange; Helen Watkins; Cleora Bywater; Violet Stoney; Ella Burt; Lois Purdie; Lillian Binnie, visiting teacher message leader; Roma Broun; Ethel Ehlert; Viola Royle.

Not present when the picture was taken were Dorothy Tanner, Gwen Evans, Helen Russell, Mary Donaldson, Rosetta Young, Mae Rowan, Laverna Shumaker, Carry Wadsworth, and Vivian Putman.

Pearl VanDyke is president of Weber Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nina J. Langford

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), SOUTH WEBER WARD RELIEF SOCIETY AT WORK MEETING, September 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Eillen Roberts; Verda Bouchard, theology class leader; Lamanda Ray; Luella H. Byram, Secretary-Treasurer; Mattie G. Ray, stake theology leader.

Second row, seated, left to right: Eliza Rawson; Cora Poll, former secretary-treasurer, who served for many years; Mary Cook, former president; Lavern J. Poll, President; Ada H. Cornia, First Counselor; Eva Ray.

Back row, standing, left to right: Annie Russell; Edith Peek; Thora Moore; Nellie M. Staples, work meeting leader; Murnine Foster; Rose Watts; Fay H. Ray, Second Counselor; Mae Bambrough; Stella Poll; Ethel C. Earl, literature class leader.

Erma V. Jacobs is president of South Ogden Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Thelma G. Maloy

MOUNT GRAHAM STAKE, LORDSBURG WARD (NEW MEXICO) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Fae G. Gordon, Secretary; Pearl H. Walters; Beth G. Ellsworth; Lola D. Richardson.

Twenty-eight members were enrolled in this ward Relief Society in January 1953. The bazaar consisted of several beautiful displays, including kitchen aprons and fancy aprons, embroidered and crocheted pillowslips and tablecloths, a lovely satin quilt, many novelty items, and some decorated plates.

Thelma G. Maloy is president of Mount Graham Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Maude Warren

CARBON STAKE (UTAH), PRICE THIRD WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruth Jewkes, First Counselor; Ora Jensen, President; Florence Mortensen, Second Counselor.

Maude Warren is president of Carbon Stake Relief Society.

The Deeper Melody

(Continued from page 267)

change the subject, his heart aching for the motherless little things. Perhaps a man should deliberately, and coldly, hunt a wife to fill such a hopeless gap in his family. Perhaps he was to be blamed for considering such fine points as his own emotions when his children were in such need. Perhaps he should try to overcome his aversion to Miss Tate, for when Margaret was gone what would anything matter? Yet he could not think of Miss Tate and Ellen in the same thought. With Margaret it was different. He felt that Ellen would approve of Margaret. In the early days of their marriage they had talked as all young couples do.

"If I should die," she had said then. "I want you to marry again."

He had laughed too loudly at the idea, because of the premonition that had darkened his heart, and had gripped her to him.

"You won't die," he had told her fiercely. "And if you do, you will always be my wife."

Well, she was gone; but she was still his, and now, without loving her any the less, he also loved Margaret.

He was musing, Steve told himself, as if there was still hope for him with Margaret, as if his love had not been ill-fated from the start. If he had met her a few months earlier—if he had recognized instantly what she would come to mean to him—if her need of him had equalled his need of her (for that had always been the missing ingredient)—if—if—if her wedding was not a mere few days away.

Song Collections

for

THREE-PART WOMEN'S VOICES

..... Come To the Fair and Eleven More ..... .75

..... Harms Auditorium Collection—Vols. 1 & 2.....ea. .75

..... Fox Library Collection—Vol. 1 ..... .85

..... Let's All Sing ..... .85

..... Robbins Choral Collection 1.00

..... Sacred Choruses ..... .90

..... Showtime Choral Collection—Vol. 1 ..... .75

..... Witmark Auditorium Collection ..... .75

WE PAY POSTAGE

— Music Sent on Approval —

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
45-47 South Main
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.

☐ On Approval ☐ Charge

☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

FIRST OF ALL — RELIABILITY

Daynes Music Co.

45-47 SOUTH MAIN STREET

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

Friday he worked through the noon hour, and Miss Tate brought him a roast-beef sandwich and a half pint of milk when she returned from her lunch. It tasted good, as well as saving him precious time. Of course he told her as much, thanking her sincerely.

"Steve, you've looked so formidable the last few days I didn't dare tell you I have tickets for the symphony."

"You shouldn't have done that, Miss Tate," Steve said.

"But Jascha Heifitz is going to be guest artist, and I know you won't want to miss it."

"I'm sorry. I can't go," Steve told her. "I'm sure many others would be glad to share your tickets."

"It is that girl—Miss Crain—that we met at the theatre," observed Miss Tate quietly. "You love her, don't you, Mr. Thorpe?"

Steve lifted surprised eyes to hers. "Yes I do, Miss Tate. Very much." A part of his mind noted her resumption of the use of his last name, and was pleased. "She was Phyllis' nurse, you know."

Steve could see his admission was a blow to her, even though she had expected it. He could see her thinking she had acted unwisely, and then grasped a straw of hope with a new thought.

"Didn't she introduce that doctor as her fiance?"

"Yes," admitted Steve, thinking suddenly that this was none of her affair. "I'm afraid it is Miss Crain, or no one, with me. It seems very probable it will be no one."

"Oh," said Miss Tate.

If Steve expected tears, as there had been once before, he was mistaken. Miss Tate lifted her head in a gallant gesture. "My boy friend is soon due out of the army," she said. "And that is exactly how I feel about him."

Steve knew she was not telling the truth, that she had no "boy friend," but in that moment he felt sorry for her.

Later, when he went through her office he noticed that her eyes were red from weeping, and that she was typing with exceeding vigor. She turned to the files quickly to hide her face, pretending to search for something.

"Good night, Mr. Thorpe," she called after him, and her voice was light and impersonal.

SATURDAY he took the children to the circus, and they had everything—pink popcorn, balloons, the merry-go-round, and finally seats in the big tent for the three-ringed show. Steve was enjoying it doubly, seeing it through their ecstatic eyes.

They had left home in all the splendor of shining cleanliness, and in the beauty of their new clothes, but their activities thus far had altered the picture somewhat. Davey's hands were sticky from popcorn, Phyllis had ice cream on her nose and chin, and Ilene had spilled her popsicle down her dress. Steve regarded these as natural calamities, which a bath and clean clothes would remedy, once they were home, until Davey shouted "Other Mama!" and was gone, Ilene scrambled after him toward a point above and behind them on the benches. Steve, wiping Phyllis' face with his handkerchief, twisted to see.

Of course it was Margaret, and the whole picture was instantly readable. Dr. Harmon was with her, and between them sat a pale little fellow with crutches and braces. He was undoubtedly still a small patient at the hospital who had had a rough time. Obviously, Margaret had donated her afternoon off and Dr. Harmon's time to showing him a good time. It was just as evident, from the cold distaste on Dr. Harmon's mouth, that it was Margaret's idea. Steve's two had thrown themselves upon her with abandon, and her arms were about them both, crumpled clothes, wind-blown hair, and sticky fingers notwithstanding.

Steve leaped up to retrieve them, but Margaret shook her head vigorously. Steve noticed the white line of fury about Dr. Harmon's mouth, and settled back wickedly to enjoy himself. For a man who did not seem to like children, Dr. Harmon was certainly in a distressing predicament!

PHYLLIS had seen Margaret, however, and stretched her arms toward her. Margaret moved the children, making room for Phyllis on her lap, and motioned Steve to bring her. He complied gleefully, watching Dr. Harmon all the while. This last was too much for that dignified gentleman. He rose, pale with anger.

"Margaret, let's get out of here." He didn't bother to recognize Steve, or to be civil, but strode out, carrying the little boy. There was nothing for Margaret to do but follow. Steve's heart smote him, and his mirth turned to bitterness, seeing the disappointed look on the little crippled boy's face.

He and the children stayed, but Steve blamed himself for spoiling Margaret's time. He went through all the motions for the sake of the children, but for him the day had lost its glory. Above his chagrin at having let his children embarrass Margaret in public, was the fact that he himself had precipitated what would obviously end in unpleasantness.

After the circus-weary children were bathed and in bed that night he sat in the silent semi-darkness of the living room and touched again the depths of despair. It was literally the end of what had been a heavenly interlude in the lives of himself and his children.

Actually, Mrs. Crain's bags were packed and standing in the hall.

ALL ORGAN AND PIANO MUSIC
AND BOOKS FOR
ORGANISTS AND PIANISTS

Recommended for Relief Society Organists and Pianists available at

GLEN BROS. MUSIC CO.
— "3 BIG STORES" —
Salt Lake ..... 74 So. Main
Ogden ..... 2546 Washington
Provo ..... 57 No. University

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

The HAMMOND ORGAN
Leads all others in churches, homes, and schools

Special Demonstrations During
APRIL CONFERENCE
in Salt Lake City

Relief Society Women

SPECIAL TYPEWRITING CLASSES

HAVE BEEN SCHEDULED AT THE

L.D.S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

Class No. 1 is now under way; Class No. 2 is being organized; and Class No. 3 is scheduled for the future. So get together a group of your friends and enroll in one of these special typing classes designed to help you keep genealogy records, personal papers, and any other typewriting you might need to do. Evening classes.

You are always cordially welcome at . . .

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main — Salt Lake City, Utah

The Pride of Your Library!

Your Relief Society Magazines when handsomely bound into permanent yearly volumes acquire new value as excellent reference books.

Just
$2.50 (Cloth Binding)
$3.50 (Leather Binding)
Per Volume

If necessary to mail them to you, the following postage rates will apply.

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.25
150 to 300 miles	.28
300 to 600 miles	.34
600 to 1000 miles	.42
1000 to 1400 miles	.51
1400 to 1800 miles	.60
Over 1800 miles	.69

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

31 Richards St. Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone 4-2581

Steve could see them from where he sat, and they were a dark blot on his consciousness. Mrs. Crain and Margaret were to be the guests of Dr. Harmon's friend, Dr. Hanson, where the reception was to be held. In the next week there would be a round of teas and parties. In the morning Mrs. Crain would be gone; tonight was Margaret's last duty at the hospital.

In an agony of despair and longing Steve could visualize her slender figure moving along the halls as the clock crept around past nine, beyond ten, to eleven. She would be off now, riding home with Dr. Harmon. Steve sat in the loneliness of his sleeping household while his mind went seeking her across town, his heart declaring his love for her in a worldless outpouring, and his mind compelling her to hear its message and to come to him. So intense were his feelings that the telephone bell, pealing out in the midnight quiet did not startle him, but was an answer to his command. He knew before he lifted the receiver that it was Margaret.

"Steve!" she said and there was pent up emotion in her cry.

"Margaret! Margaret, darling," Steve answered in kind, and in the long silence which followed: "Dearest, what is it? What has happened?"

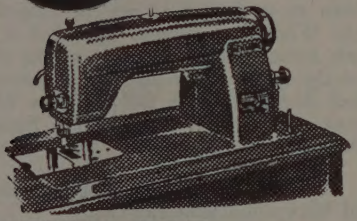
"Steve, I'm glad you, not Mother answered. I've done a most terrible thing. Nobody, not even she—nobody in this world will understand, nobody but you. Steve, I need you!"

"Hold on, sweetheart. I'll be with you in five minutes," cried Steve, and raced for his car.

(*To be concluded*)

SEARS ROEBUCK AND CO.

EXCLUSIVE AT SEARS!



KENMORE Finest Rotary Needs No Oiling

- Nylon and Oilite bearing never need oiling!
- Aluminum frame for lightweight!
- Dial type upper thread tension. Easy to adjust, to set.
- Hinged presser foot glides over pins and seams.
- Forward, reverse control . . . number stitch regulator.
- Adjustable presser bar knob.

Silent Return

Blanche Kendall McKey

I have come back.
I, through our longing,
Have pierced the strange wicket.
I have come back,
Not only to see you, Beloved;
Not only to waken your heart
To the springtime;
But to be for a day what I was,
Oh, Beloved,
When you knew I was here!

Dogwood Time

Mary Gustafson

My feet would walk the woodland
Where dogtooth violets bloom,
With trillium and fairy bell
And wild rose for a loom
On which to weave a stretch of dreams
Across a crowded day,
To the melody of lark and thrush . . .
For memory's resume.

THE WORLD'S FINEST PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin
The Stradivari of Pianos

KNABE
The Piano of the Metropolitan Opera

EVERETT
Finest Toned Spinet Piano Built

Cable-Nelson
Finest Low Priced Piano Built

All Obtainable At

Beesley Music Co.

Pioneer Piano People
70 S. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

VIDA FOX CLAWSON
Announces
Three 1954 Conducted Tours

HAWAII
Sails from Los Angeles May 24

ALASKA
Leaves Salt Lake City July 21

HISTORIC TRAIN
Leaves Salt Lake City August 6

The HISTORIC TRAIN includes: Places of Interest in Church History, the Pageant at the Hill Cumorah, and many large eastern cities.

For complete details write or phone:

VIDA FOX CLAWSON
966 E. So. Temple—Telephone 4-2017
Salt Lake City, Utah

From Near and Far

Addressed to Elder Albert R. Bowen, writer of social science lessons.

May we extend our congratulations on the course of study on the Constitution of the United States you have outlined for the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is currently in progress. We believe your program to be outstanding, both in its historical background, upon which to base present-day interpretations, and for the service it will render to the members, and through them their families and communities, by affording a better understanding and evaluation of that document which is the practical safeguard of our future.

—Donald P. Bean
Director, Stanford University Press
Stanford, California

I truly enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* each month and I look forward to each new copy.

May I improve with each new copy
Of the *Magazine* I read;
May I feast upon every word
For all its worth and need.

—Thelma Buell
Marienthal, Kansas

I wish to commend Alice Morrey Bailey for the very good writing in her serial "The Deeper Melody" (October 1953-May 1954), and also Dorothy Clapp Robinson for the beautifully worked out story "One Wild Rose," the prize-winning story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest (published in January 1954). The prize-winning poems were also worthwhile and lovely. Thank you for a wholesome, high-quality *Magazine*.

—Katherine F. Larsen
Salt Lake City, Utah

I enjoyed the winging buoyancy of the first prize poem "Wings Over the West" in the January 1954 issue of the *Magazine*, by Lizabeth Wall Madsen.

—Ida Isaacson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Being among the first Relief Society members to subscribe for the *Magazine*, I enjoy everything in it. It has always been an inspiration to me. I remember the *Woman's Exponent*. We had it in our home. Today it thrills me to read of the many women in foreign countries and in the isles of the sea—how they wait and long for *The Relief Society Magazine* to reach them.

Here are a few lines I wrote in honor of the visiting teachers:

At the very second meeting
The president-elect did call
Sixteen women as a Necessity Committee
To visit the sick, the poor, and all.
Blessed were the visiting teachers
Of that time so long ago . . . .
Blessed be the visiting teachers of today—
Their calling may not be necessity,
But their duty is supreme.

—Anna S. D. Johnson
Salt Lake City, Utah

I always enjoy our wonderful *Magazine*. The fiction is always so in keeping with the other contents of the *Magazine* . . . I think Sister Mary Ek Knowles (February 1954, page 87) expressed such a beautiful thought in her little sketch—"Writing is my hobby, my husband and children my profession." I would like to write and ask her just how—just when—she finds time for writing, before her children get up in the morning or before they are tucked in at night? I have two boys, ages six and two . . . but it seems they keep me on the go every waking moment.

—Florence D. Anderson
Henderson, Nevada

I do enjoy the *Magazine* so much and am glad that you give so much space to helpful articles and to poetry. I am a member of Pierian Club of the Chaparrel Poets of California, and other members of the group also enjoy the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Maude Rubin
Santa Ana, California

THE GENERAL BOARD OF
RELIEF SOCIETY

Now Offers

Complete Service for Temple and Burial Clothes

Including

- DRESSES
- MEN'S SHOES
- WOMEN'S SHOES

Suitable for Temple Wear

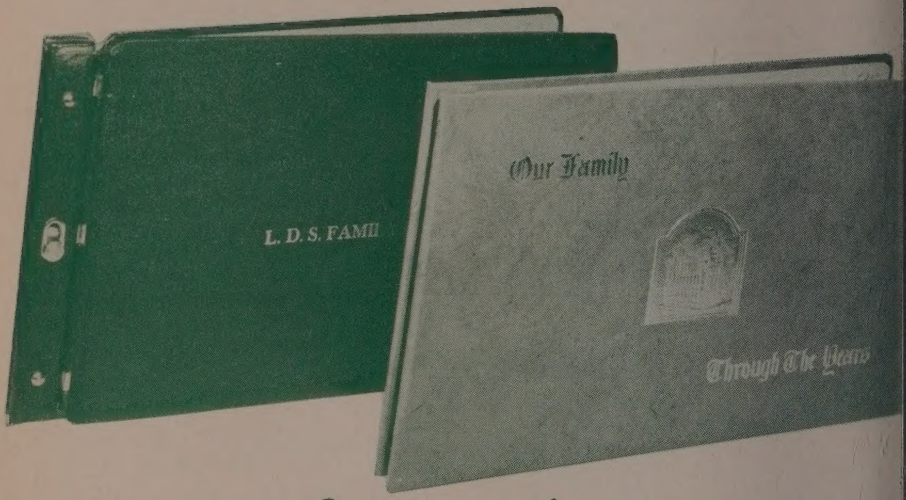
We invite you to visit the Relief Society Temple Burial Clothing Department when in Salt Lake City.

40 NORTH MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

Telephone 4-2511, Extension 244

Hours: Monday through Friday 8:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m.

Saturday 9:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.



Everything for the
GENEALOGIST

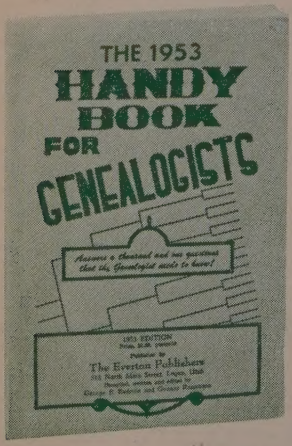
1. POST BINDER . . . this will give protection to your record sheets and charts. On the front cover The Salt Lake Temple is embossed in gold; also, the title "Our Family Through the Years." **$3.00**

2. MAROON IMITATION LEATHER HEAVY-DUTY POST BINDER—this 9 x 14½ inch binder offers permanence to your most valuable possessions—the records that give a complete history on your family and loved ones. **$5.00**

3. HANDY BOOK OF GENEALOGY
In this 1953 Handy Book are research aids, genealogist's exchange, genealogical geography, a directo of genealogists, and a thousand and one questio the genealogist needs to know. **$1.**

SHEETS AVAILABLE—

4.	Family Group Records Sheets	25c dozen
5.	Pedigree Charts	$1.40 a 100
6.	Ruled Family History Sheets	$12.00 a 1000
7.	Personal Record Sheets	



All Genealogical Supplies Shipped Postage Prepaid. Write for comple price list of all Genealogical Supplies.

Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City, Utah

DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah
Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find ( ) check ( ) money order ( ) charge to my account $..... for the following circled items:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....